

# BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. II.—MAY, 1862.—No. 9.

---

## ARTICLE I.

### THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION.

WE propose to treat this subject in the light of Christian experience, rather than of philosophy or speculation. We take the language of Scripture bearing on the subject, in its common or popular sense, as we suppose language on so important a theme, addressed to all men, of every age, clime, and culture, was intended to be taken. We shall not, therefore, adopt the distinctions of the schools, nor analyze and divide and subdivide, till all religious interest and all power of spiritual apprehension are dissipated and frittered away on abstract intellectual processes; but strive to apprehend, so far as we may, a living doctrine in a living practical way.

Before proceeding to speak of the doctrine in question, it will be well for us to endeavor to realize to our minds the precise relation in which the sinner stands to law.

The law to which we are amenable is not arbitrary in its requirements, but merely expresses the necessary relations of the finite soul to God, the necessary conditions of holiness, and, consequently, of blessedness — the same after as before the introduction of sin into the world. The law, the conditions of holiness, do not change, because the moral character of man changes. The law is no sliding scale to suit the character of men of different ages or culture, their ability or their inability

to comply with its requirements, but in its spirit remains forever the same, the expression of infinite holiness and love. With the fall from holiness man lost his ability to comply with it; but there was no change in its claims upon him. Sin brought discord into the very centre of his moral being, that there should be the consciousness of freedom and obligation to a perfect law on the one hand, and the practical experience of utter inability and slavery to sin on the other. The fall was a fall of will, a subjection of the rational soul, of the distinctively spiritual nature in man, to the bondage of sense and sin; not an annihilation of our rational powers, nor any weakening of them farther than as incident to a lack of development or debasement in the menial service to which they were devoted by the sinful will. The conscience, the moral nature of man, with its approbation of the law as holy, just, and good, remains; and ever and anon, forces its claims upon the attention of the man, thunders its solemn warnings, or sighs under its bondage. "The inward nature of this moral law," says Julius Mueller,\* "as an unconditionally imperative rule, belongs so essentially to the human consciousness, that, where it is altogether wanting in an individual, we are compelled to doubt the completeness of human nature in him. Yet it is never altogether wanting. It is a fact of great significance, a remarkable proof of the original nobility of the human soul, that even in its deepest darkness because of sin, there still shine forth some syllables of the highest knowledge, some traces of ideal truth." Hence the possibility of redemption. Hence the significance of the terms ransom, redemption, purchased by the blood of Christ, regeneration, as the restoration of the man to himself — his spiritual being delivered from its bondage and again made sovereign by the grace of God.

Ability and obligation are no longer commensurate. This is to many minds a logical contradiction, though it would not be difficult to show how it arises from too great respect to the analogies of human law; yet even as a logical contradiction, it is no greater than meets us everywhere, when we attempt the rationale of sin. Sin is contrary to reason, and so of course

\* "Die Lehre von der Sünde," Erster Band, s. 45.

brings contradictions and confusion into our logical understanding.

The sense of guilt has its ground in the original sense of freedom and obligation, which has forever remained an integral part of human consciousness. Guilt is the testimony of the soul itself to its own degradation and unworthiness, in consequence of its original fall from holiness, and its ever-during sense of sinfulness and alienation from God; called out, awakened, by particular acts, yet never dwelling on the acts, but on the state of heart out of which they spring. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."

The sense of inability, of absolute dependence on the grace of God, is not a matter of consciousness in precisely the same way as our sense of freedom and responsibility; it is a matter of practical experience, a deduction from facts of past consciousness, and just as valid as any present fact of consciousness, because falling wholly within our own personal experience.

We rest the truth of these suggestions on the actual experience of the reader, as he recalls some instance of an unsuccessful struggle with a bosom sin, his sense of freedom and duty at the start, and his subsequent sense of shame and self-degradation.

The claims of the law, the absolute necessity of obedience in order to holiness and happiness, remain, and find their response in the moral nature of men; but all ability to fulfil the law in its spirit is lost. The determining will is already determined, and sets in the wrong direction, dead in trespasses and sins. We call the leaf separated from the vital stock dead, but its inward forces, that before worked in harmony to maintain its form and beauty, are active still, only working in inverse order to disintegrate and destroy. So the soul alienated from God and the source of its spiritual life, dead in sins, is active still. Its freedom, despite its high pretensions, is, however, only freedom to sin, within the limits prescribed by the law of sin which rules in its members. There may be never so much freedom in the lower domains of the soul, in regard to the manifold interests of a merely earthly life, its science, or its literature; freedom and noble achievement too, a rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but not to God the things of God; a large tether of slavery, but none of the freedom of the sons of

God. In the true spiritual life, the consciousness of freedom is forever rebuffed by the fact of sin. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." And the more earnest the struggle for self-deliverance, the more hopeless the effort, till the law accomplishes its work, and brings the sinner, humbled, despairing of self-help, to accept the Divine method of redemption and righteousness.

The word righteousness, as used in the New Testament, and especially by the Apostle Paul, denotes that inward state of character, in which a man is justified or declared righteous before God. There are two ways of attaining to this righteousness. One is by the strict fulfilment of the law in the spirit as well as in the letter, the entire and perfect obedience of the soul to all the requirements of law; thus securing the favor and blessing of God for obedience, according to the precept, "The man that doeth those things," that is, all the things required by a holy and perfect law, "shall live by them." This language implies not only acceptance with God, as the conduct of one who has done what was required, but also positive favor. "Shall live by them," shall enter into the enjoyment of spiritual blessings, as one who has shown his love and loyal attachment to God, and so honestly and nobly won a place in his regards. Such a man is accounted righteous, holy, good, and entitled to the blessedness of the children of God. Observe the two points, acquittal from all blame, and positive favor and blessing from God.

The other way of attaining to righteousness is by faith in Christ. The first method has failed because of sin. All have sinned, all men come into the world with this inclination in them, and find themselves far gone in sin and under condemnation, with all hope of self-restoration to the favor of God gone, upon the first waking up of their moral and religious consciousness. We are by nature, we are by the natural birth, children of wrath, and must be born again of a spiritual birth ere we can become the children of God. The law, no longer serving as the actual rule of life, now only awakens the sense of sin, and reveals the infinite distance that separates us in a state of nature from the holiness necessary to realize our true character as spiritual beings and heirs to eternal life.



Instead now of a righteousness of our own, which should come from a perfect fulfilment of the law in its spirit, the gospel offers another method, the righteousness by faith on the Son of God. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." This righteousness, this justification from all the works of the law and acceptance with God, which is by faith, must be as complete in itself, and so put man in the same relations, on the same legal standing before God, as if he had actually fulfilled the law. His faith is accounted to him for righteousness. The believer then is accounted and is declared righteous in the sight of God. It is not simply pardon, therefore, that he has gained. Faith has not only secured the remission of sins that are past, so that he is free from the penalty of the law, but he is changed in the inmost ground of his being from the sinner that he was into a righteous man. From a sinner, exposed to the just displeasure of God, he has become free from that displeasure, and in love with Him and his holy requirements. So far as relates to his state of heart and inclination towards God, he stands on the same footing as if he had attained righteousness the other way. He expects the favor of God. The ground of this expectation has been changed from reliance on his own merits to the merits of Christ which he has appropriated by faith. Let us not be mistaken here. This is the legal standing of the new man, regenerate and believing. It does not mean that the man is holy as commonly understood, for that would imply entire sanctification from the start. The regenerate soul dwells in the old sinful body; it is a graft upon an old sinful stock, not a graft in the top but at the root, and all the vital forces of the stock, all the elements it shall gather from the earth and the surrounding air, are to be changed by the inworking principle of a new life. The new leaven of righteousness is at the centre, and in time, if it be not hindered, will work through all the conduct of the man. The kingdom of Mansoul has renounced its allegiance to the prince of this world in favor of Christ, but it will be long before all the subordinate powers and forces shall be brought into complete and willing submission, and the fair and blessed fruits of his laws be exhibited throughout all its provinces. The sins of believers are but the disturbances of some of these subordinate

forces and provinces, still rebellious after the ruling power at the capital is at peace, though grieving over the rebellious spirit of its subjects. In a word, sanctification, or the complete realization of the rule of faith, is a question of time, and follows upon faith under the directing agency of the Holy Ghost, applying the word of God as its instrument. We must then, in our examination, look simply at the act of faith and its result upon the believing soul; and that result is righteousness — the end of the law secured, the sinner accepted as one righteous, to the love and favor of God.

Now, in order to this result, it is obvious from the foregoing remarks that three things are necessary, which, though contemporaneous, may yet be distinguished: first, the remission of past sin; second, a radical change of heart from a state of sin and enmity to holiness and love; third, positive righteousness. We will consider them in their order.

The remission of past sin. The sinner, awakened to a just sense of his real character and condition before God, finds himself burdened with guilt, and exposed to the righteous displeasure of God. His sense of justice finds expression first in the desire and effort to make amends. He would make atonement by personal suffering or sacrifice, even to offering, as among heathen tribes, the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul. Repentance alone by no means satisfies the awakened sinner; that mode of escape from the difficulty is an after-thought of philosophy. The healthy conscience knows of no such method, but imperatively demands that the eternal principles of justice and truth be vindicated and honored. But in consequence of the overbearing sinful tendencies of his soul, the sinner finds that when he would do good evil is present with him; that the best-directed efforts towards self-deliverance only reveal the depths of the evil, and the justice and holiness of the law he has violated. The burden only becomes the heavier, the more sensibly present, as his thoughts are turned towards it, and efforts are made to shake it off. And if he strive to forget it, and to lose himself in worldliness and the distractions of business or of sinful amusements, the burden is still there, and in his thoughtful hours is found to have gained steadily in its

crushing force. To the anxious inquiry, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? What must I do to be saved? the gospel presents the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. The innocent has suffered for the guilty. The Son of God, that the sacrifice might be infinite and perfectly adequate to the sins of the world, and the amplest vindication of the law, — in the form of humanity, that he might be a sympathizing Saviour, and a Mediator between the guilty and their justly offended Maker, — he, then, who was at once the Son of God and the Son of Man, has himself borne the penalty due for our sins. “He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed.” “In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.” “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness” — his way of justification — “for the remission of sins that are past.” “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

It is easy to make captious objections to the use of the word “penalty” as employed above, and to such phrases as “Christ bore the penalty for our sins.” We use the words in the popular sense, as conveying the nearest approximation to the truth. We do not mean that each particular offence — the unkind word of yesterday, the lack of reverence at morning prayers the day before, or any or all of the thousand items of our daily offences — received its exact equivalent of punishment. We do not look at the matter in any such outside mechanical way. And many of the objections made on this subject arise from considering all our religious life as made up of separate acts or exercises, — the soul as an instrument of many keys, played on by outward influences, yielding always to the strongest motive, instead of as a living power, with the continuity of life, and with conscious ability to determine its own motives. Our sense of guilt does not attach to particular acts as such, but to the guilty heart out of which they spring. Christ made atonement for the guilty soul, that the penalty might be remitted that was due for its wilful alienation from God, of which particular acts are but the outward expression.

The remission of past sin is simply and only because of the blood of Christ, because of his atoning sacrifice. And to this our Lord called attention in the institution of the Supper, and of this we are solemnly reminded as often as we sit down to commemorate his dying love. "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The believer, conscious of the burden and guilt of sin, and his own helplessness, accepts with a glad heart the Divine method of justification, and bows in humble submission to the mercy and grace of God manifested in providing such a way of pardon. The precious blood of Christ is his hope of deliverance at the first, and all his life long, till the act of faith is fully realized. In the subsequent stages of the Christian life, in the work of sanctification, this act of faith is being constantly renewed, or rather it is the one continuous act stretching through the lapse of time, till the soul is delivered from its earthly tabernacle into the glorious liberty of the redeemed. In this continuous process, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9. And so we sing,—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more."

The second point is—The radical change of heart implied in the act of faith which is the condition of the remission of sin. The sinner is not pardoned while remaining a sinner, but when he has ceased his rebellion, given up his enmity to God, renounced the service of the world, and chosen God and the service of his Son in loyal love and confidence. This radical change of heart, of the ruling, determining principle of his life, is as much beyond the man's own power as the securing of pardon of sin by any works of righteousness he might have performed. It is primarily and substantially the work of the Holy Ghost; and yet a moral act, a spiritual process, such as is only possible for a rational soul, which he must seek after as his greatest need with all the energy of his being, and which, though wrought in unconsciousness, as much so as the first nat-

ural birth, and subsequently recognized in his conscious experience by the new emotions of faith and love, he finds himself gladly assenting to as the gracious work of God in him.

In consequence of this inward change, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and not only so, we joy in God. Remission of past sin, were such a thing possible, would have been of little avail without this inward change of heart. Without this we could not be declared righteous, since God can not call anything righteous which is not so. He calls the believer in Christ righteous, because his sins have been remitted on account of his faith in the appointed sacrifice for sin, and because of a state of heart in which all possible righteous conduct may be said to exist in the germ. "We are not justified by an inherent righteousness," says Charnock;\* yet we are not justified without it: we cannot be justified by it, because it is not commensurate to the law by reason of its imperfection; we cannot be justified without it, for it is not congruous to the wisdom and holiness of God to count a person righteous who hath nothing of righteousness in him, and whose nature is as corrupt as the worst of men. With what respect to God's honor can it be expected that he should pardon that man's sins whose will is not changed, who still hath the same habit in his will to commit sin, though he doth not at present exercise it? It is very congruous, in a moral way, that the person offending should retract his sin, and return to his former affection. There is a distinction between justification and sanctification, though they are never asunder. Justification is relative; regeneration internally real. Union with Christ is the ground of both; Christ is the meritorious cause of both. The Father pronounceth the one; the Spirit works the other; it is the Father's sentence, and the Spirit's work. The relative and the real change are both at the same time — 'But ye are sanctified, but ye are justified,' 1 Cor. vi. 11 — both go together. We are not justified before faith, because we are justified by it, and faith is the vital principle whereby we live." As in the natural so in the spiritual birth, the life is ready to manifest itself as soon as it has opportunity; and it is all the same to the eye of God, and as related to his holy law, whether any

\* "On Regeneration," p. 57. Edition of Pres. Board of Publication.

opportunity be allowed it or not ; whether a few moments only be allowed as to the thief on the cross, or a long life of love and service as to the Apostle John. The great work for such soul has been accomplished. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." The soul so believing is born of God into a new and higher world. Its farther continuance in time is for the development of its life and the completeness of Christian character, that it may not be a babe in Christ, but may grow up into the stature of a perfect man. And therefore life, with its mingled discipline of joy and sorrow, of temptation and trial, is welcomed and cherished by the believer, as offering him an opportunity of doing something for his Lord and Master. And yet with all his efforts, and however much he may do in the eye of the world, he still recognizes the fact that he is an unprofitable servant, in need of the continued application of the atoning blood of Christ to cleanse him from sin, and relying only on the life of Christ as the ground of his acceptance with God.

Our third point is — Positive righteousness. This is necessary to complete justification, to realize the end of the law. But this again is beyond the ability even of the renewed soul. Although it can do all things through Christ strengthening, its actual attainments in righteousness are far from what is required to secure the favor and blessing of God. We are not saints, though believers in Christ and called to be saints, but regenerate sinners. Any thoughtful Christian, looking at his own conduct and character, might well despair if his acceptance with God were based on the purity of his heart, and the steadfast, successful endeavor to do the will of God. Christ is as needful to our righteousness as he was to secure us remission of sin. And in view of this unsanctified state of those who had believed in him, our Lord, in that last prayer before his sacrifice, uses the words, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine." . . . "Sanctify them through thy truth." This work of sanctification and seeking after conformity to our Lord is but the natural expression of the new and divine life begotten in the soul. The absence of this work, an entire neglect of it, through any false conception or abuse

of the doctrine of grace, may well be regarded as evidence of a continued state of sin. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" But whether we attain to a low or a high degree of sanctification, eternal life is still the gift of God. It is ever Christ Jesus who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. The wedding garment in which we are to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb is the robe of Christ's righteousness. United to him by faith, we share in his divine life and his Father's love. God is not now pleased with us for what we are in ourselves, but for what we are in Christ. Thus Christ is as much our righteousness as he is our redemption. And it is only in this way that he becomes the end of the law to the believer. The pardon alone of sin would not place us on the same standing with those who had fulfilled the law, and thus won a place in the Divine love and favor. Again, the change of heart would not have secured that complacent regard which would have been given to the faithful, loving, obedient servant. But this is secured for us by faith in the righteousness of Christ. We can appropriate to ourselves the rewards of his holy life. They are promised to us as the purchased possession, as the inheritance reserved in heaven. Our life is thus hid with Christ in God. Through faith in his blood, he is made our propitiation for the remission of sins that are past; through faith, he is our ever-present advocate with the Father, that his atoning work may be consummated in our complete deliverance from sin. Crucified with him by faith, risen with him by faith, we shall live with him by faith for evermore. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



## ARTICLE II.

## FRENCH WRITERS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

*History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By ALEXANDER VINET, Professor of Theology at Lausanne. Translated from the French by Rev. James Bryce. 8vo. pp. 495. Edinburgh, London, and Dublin.

IN the palace of Versailles is a spacious *salon* of solid marble, beneath, above, around, overlaid in panels and pilasters with heaviest gold-embossing of the richest moulds, with a stairway of the same luxurious workmanship sweeping upward in regal stateliness. It tells of the pomp and pride of that "grand monarque" whose portrait throws down from the wall a glance of haughty satisfaction at this magnificent display of his own unlimited extravagance. In another part of this same great palace is the room, with bed and toilet-furnishings left as when last used by him, in which this imperial posture-master, this made-up bundle of superficiality and sham, died of the small-pox, in helplessness and fear, like any other piece of earth's common clay. Wandering from one of these apartments to the other, through almost interminable exhibitions of the grandeurs and meannesses of the monarchy of France just prior to the first Revolution, the traveller may study the spirit of that period in these indications of its seeming strength and real weakness; and if he does not wonder at its capabilities of despotism and sensualism, neither will he be surprised that, along with these national disgraces, it should have blossomed out in an intellectual fruitage like that which gave the world the literature of the age of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis.

It was a kind of tropical summer in which plants of every quality sprung and grew with forced exuberance — neither a natural nor a wholesome productiveness. One feels in its atmosphere as on entering a mammoth conservatory, where splendid exotics and natives are stretching themselves on artificial supports to surprising dimensions, amidst the heavy odors of



flowering shrubs that well-nigh poison you with their excessive aromas ; and all in a stifling temperature of next to irrespirable heat. You must have the fresh air again soon, or faint in this elegant but intolerable glass-house.

This Augustan age of French literature differs from the earlier development across the channel which bears the same name, much as an oriental garden of spicery like this, with here and there a stately cedar of Lebanon interspersed, would differ from the generous, out-door growth of an English gentleman's park and orchard-grounds. Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, the ever illustrious triumvirate, were men of strong native powers and high creative intellect, trained by scholastic culture into finished orators. But great as even the first of the three confessedly was, none but a Frenchman could have penned or quoted the exaggeration, that "after the Scriptures which have been inspired by the Holy Ghost, there is nothing so great as Bossuet." D'Aguesseau and Montesquieu have won for themselves an honorable place among learned civilians and juriconsults. But they had not the exhaustive erudition and the massive weight of brain of the first men of the days of Elizabeth and her immediate successors. Jeremy Taylor had all the classic accomplishment and the sweet saintliness of Fénelon, and, in addition, a versatility and grasp of thought — a genius — to which the gentle pietist of Cambray could lay no claim. Bacon sits peerless in philosophy and legal profoundness above the *savans* of Paris ; as Shakespeare looks down a long distance from the poetic Olympus to the ranges of Racine and Molière. There is, besides the dissimilarity of the Gallic and the Saxon mind, the further disadvantage to the former of the training of both a spiritual and a political absolutism. The Britain of Elizabeth and James was freedom itself to the mongrel theocracy of the later Bourbons of the ante-revolutionary period.

Just here we come upon one of the most remarkable yet natural of historical reactions. The sceptre which Bossuet had wielded with as much kingly state in letters, as Louis himself assumed in the political administration, after vibrating in a few weaker hands, (which we shall notice in their place,) settled firmly again in the grasp of Bossuet's only legitimate successor

in this literary autocracy — the arch-sceptic Voltaire. This slide, from an unchallenged ecclesiasticism to the very heyday of intellectual licentiousness, is but another illustration, a memorable one indeed, of Livy's observation in his opening of the Roman annals; "*deinde ut magis, magisque lapsi sint; tum ire cœperint precipites.*" Or, as Cowper has given the familiar enough thought:

"The breach, though small at first, soon opening wide,  
In rushes Folly with a full-moon tide,  
Then welcome errors of whatever size,  
To justify it by a thousand lies."

Voltaire was a lad of ten years when Bossuet died — the former having been born in 1694, and the latter departing this life in 1704. The one word which would best describe the literary, ethical, and religious régime which was waxing old and ready to vanish away, is its artificiality. A single fact, if only comparatively true, which Vinet gives us, may stand as the significant index of the spirit of the age — that "*the term country does not occur twice in the writers of the seventeenth century.*" A straw shows the drift of the tide as well as a saw-log. So it was in everything to a degree utterly incomprehensible by us. Nature had been driven, like an uncouth, if not an unclean intruder, from the nation. "*I am the State,*" was the working creed of the monarch, carrying forward his political views in the mingled temper of a Caesar and a Solomon, though with the abilities of neither. The government was a financial bubble and a judicial falsehood. The national church was a painted, pictured, bedizened "*House of Pryde,*"\* saved from utter reprobacy by the silent protests before God of some of his hidden ones — the salt which had not lost its savor. Society was a shifting, bewildering, corrupting masquerade, a whirl of fashion and of

\* Spenser describes it; and *its mistress* — thus:

"So proud she shyned in her princely state,  
Looking to Heaven, for Earth she did disdayne;  
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:  
Lo, undementh her scorneful feete was layne  
A dreadful dragon with a hideous trayne;  
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,  
Wherein her face she often viewed fayne."

*The Faerie Queene*, B. I. Canto VIII.

folly, in which sound principles of human intercourse floated about like motes in the sunbeam, and vanity and vice divided or rather shared the lordship of the hour. Thinking was subsidized to the behests of these reigning powers. Morality was frittered away in periods of most unexceptionable rhetoric. Absolute doctrines in governing men's souls and bodies were promulgated in Ciceronian prose. Style was a profoundly studied art; and certainly it was brought to great perfection, abating no little of an over-delicate mannerism, as when Bonhours translating Demosthenes makes the fiery old Greek address the Athenians as "Gentlemen." But the mode of saying things was far better than the sentiments generally expressed. The writers cared far less for truth and virtue in their compositions than for "*l'abondance et la diversité des tours, l'harmonie et la facilité de la période,*" in which one of their critics finds the fragrant, intangible quintessence of what we call—style. Here was a temple of idols tempting as well as awaiting the iron flail of the iconoclast. And the Goths were already on their way to the capitol.

Of the brief transition-stage from the supremacy of the churchmen in the domain of letters to that of the self-styled philosophers, some of the influential and popular authors were strongly imbued with the traditional religious spirit; while, less from predetermined purpose than from the steady setting of the currents around and within them, their pens often ran upon damaging discussions of the prevailing abuses of the times. The Jansenist Duke de St. Simon forcibly represents this class of writers. Master of a style of quick, penetrative, magnetizing power, a pictorial narrator, with a rare art of catching and sketching the likeness of distinguished actors in the scenes which he describes, full of recollections and observations of men and things, he wrote the memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. from the point of a high-toned aristocrat and at the same time of a good hater of that monarch's person, policy, and family. If he is often more caustic than just, more of a partisan than a judge, if he flays his victim much in the way of an Indian warrior whose foot is upon his prostrate foe, he atones for this severity by a keen sensibility to genuine goodness, a tender sympathy with suffering, and a genius for exciting, scintillating,

copious, picturesque word-play which our author calls "a real phenomenon." No one, says M. Vinet, has darted across the fields, on the restive courser of the French language, and so broken it to bit and spur, as St. Simon. He puts it to all its possible paces, at his own wayward will. His thoughts press forward, sway backward, cross each other "like a crowd in some public place." A kind of coerced conciseness, in the *melée* of incidents and circumstances, flashes these out along his page "like a spark." He uses familiar words in new and remarkable stretches of meaning which would be condemned as forced and unlawful but for a happy dexterity which just keeps the use from being an abuse. His volumes preserve a surprising account of a grandson of Louis XIV. of which we must give the briefest possible condensation from the work before us.

Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy, heir of France, was from childhood an object of terror — a young Nero in cruelty, passion, rage ; furious in pursuit of pleasure ; fond to excess of music, gaming, hunting ; the slave of every appetite ; savage and bitter in his jests and sports. With this he joined a prodigious mental force and brilliancy ; a wit which cut like a falchion ; and a grasp of abstract truth which was astonishing. A head like an Apollo ; eyes of peculiar beauty ; a look 'lively, touching, striking, admirable ;' a 'lofty, refined, and intellectual expression ;' curly, chesnut-hair, but with a bad mouth, were conjoined with a deformed shape, which only the more distorted his malignant disposition. The best of tutors, among them Fenélon, were employed to train this prodigy of badness and intellectuality, but with little of satisfaction in the results. Thus the case stood until the duke was about eighteen, when, says the historian, in a strain of charming devoutness :

"God, who is master of all hearts, and whose divine spirit breathes where He wills, performed on this prince a work of conversion. . . . From this abyss went forth a prince affable, pleasant, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and, as far as was suitable to his condition, and even beyond it, humble and severe to himself. . . . He placed all his strength and all his consolation in prayer, and sought his preservatives in the reading of pious books. . . . Being a novice in the exercises of devotion, and apprehensive of his weakness in regard to pleasure, he was inclined at first to seek solitude. . . .

How strange is the world! It had treated him with abhorrence in his first condition, and it was tempted to despise the second. The prince felt it, bore it, and attached with joy this species of opprobrium to the cross of his Saviour, that he might feel ashamed at the bitter remembrance of his former pride."

His family joined the persecution. The king, a zealot in his own operative devotions, was vexed at this puritanic piety, especially when his grandson refused to be present at the court-ball at Marly. A cabal was organized against him as heir to the throne; but his irreproachable life and great sagacity disarmed it of mischief. He wisely returned to public scenes and affairs, comprehending, at length,

"What it is to leave God for God; and how the faithful performance of the duties peculiar to the state in which God had placed him is the solid piety most agreeable to him."

The historian is enthusiastic in portraying his subject; his pages take on the hue of Christian biography.

"A volume would not sufficiently describe the various conversations between this prince and me. What love of virtue! What self-denial! What researches! What results! What purity in the end proposed! and, if I may presume to say it, what reflection of the divinity in that candid, simple, and brave soul, which, as far as it is permitted here below, had preserved its image! . . . With so many and so great accomplishments, this distinguished prince did not fail to show some remains of humanity, that is to say, some defects, and these occasionally by no means decent. . . . I have referred elsewhere to some of his slight faults, which in spite of his age were still the errors of childhood; and which were sufficiently corrected every day to enable us accurately to conjecture that they would soon entirely disappear."

This wonderfully transformed young man in a few years sickened and died. His friend, the duke, thus paints his last days.

"But, great God! what a spectacle didst Thou give us in him. . . . What tender, but calm views! What lively transports of thanksgivings, because he had been prevented from wielding the sceptre, and from the account of it which he must have rendered! What submission, and how perfect! What ardent love of God! What an acute

perception of his own nothingness and sins! What a magnificent idea of infinite mercy! What religious and humble fear! What sober confidence! What wise peace! What readings! What continual prayers! What an ardent desire for the last sacraments! What profound recollection! What invincible patience! What gentleness, and what constant goodness to every one who came near him! What pure love, which urged him to go to God! France fell at length under this last punishment. God showed her a prince whom she did not deserve. The earth was not worthy of him; he was already ripe for the happiness of eternity."

This is an episode which we should not have expected to meet in the annals of such a period. Making fair allowance for personal affection and for French vivacity of narrative, it bears internal proof of a genuine renewal of God's Spirit. What effect the life and government of such a king would have had on the nation given over to retribution, is a vain conjecture. Quite unlike the restive, impulsive St. Simon, our old friend Rollin belongs to this interval, another Catholic of the Jansenist school. From wormwood to honey, says our critic, is the passage from the great duke to the cutler's son. Rollin's authority as an historian is forever set aside on numerous points by more modern investigators. But in his day he laid a broad foundation for the hold which he still keeps of our book-shelves — a foundation of honest, transparent, benevolent virtue, running its thoughts and delineations into a clear, wholesome, mellifluous style, moral enough for fashionable dames, and religious enough for the tepid sentiment of a very moderate recognition of God in the earth. Young people of a studious turn love him yet, and in truth they might resort to many a worse oracle. He gives advice like a father, and reads homilies out of the old Assyrian and Carthaginian *imbroglíos*, which ought to have made the century and a half of his easy reign better than it unfortunately has been. To his wretched successors at home, he was evidently no more than "the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument;" for though they heard his words, they did them not — the fate of many another prophet much more Ezekielian than he.

A contemporary of this well-meaning historian — the thought-

ful, epigrammatic, fragmentary Vauvenargues — might have been one of these to his backsliding generation, had he added to his really independent and puritanic intellect a hearty belief in Christianity. He has been called the Pascal of the eighteenth century. The points of resemblance between him and the illustrious Port-Royalist are striking. He, too, died young, after a life of singular personal sufferings; and left his observations of men and society in the same broken, incompleted condition in which his prototype's profoundly suggestive and weighty hints upon religion survived his early death — rough blocks of stone, unhewn timbers, to be shaped and fitted by other hands into the living temple of knowledge. "A wandering star in the age in which he was born, Vauvenargues was really a being by himself." A strong friendship connected him with Voltaire in the more youthful days of the latter; and it has been queried whether, if Vauvenargues had lived, the career of Voltaire might not have been greatly restrained from the lengths of licentiousness to which it ultimately deflected. Probably not. Both were deists; with wide constitutional variations, amounting to an almost diametrical mental opposition; but the common fault of a want of spiritual faith must have been fatal to any very decisive influence over the "prince of scoffers." Satan cannot cast out Satan.

Vauvenargues wrote, or rather talked, about virtue and duty, with a kind of admiration which is not unfrequent among contemplative unbelievers. "August religion! Sweet and noble belief! how can men live without thee? Is it not quite clear that something is wanting to men when their pride rejects thee?" Indications of this 'sense of beauty or feeling of regret' are not evidence of a Christian heart. They weave themselves into the stoical morality of another much more noted author of this period — Montesquieu, giving to many of his pages quite a Christian air; yet it would be more than a Corinthian charity to call the writer of "*L'Esprit des Loix*" a soundly religious man. That he was one of the men who widely shape the future is not to be questioned; "the only one, perhaps, (says Vinet,) among the great minds of the eighteenth century to which I feel a powerful attraction." But Emmons, as his recent biographer tells us, often tried to



read the "Spirit of Laws," but could never hold out; p. 73: a perplexing discrepancy, not only in literary taste, but in philosophical judgment, between two eminent teachers of theological science.

Self-poised and proud of himself, yet timid in intercourse with others — with a strong natural religiousness, yet never getting beyond the porch of the sanctuary — the productions of this gifted man exhibit, with all their clearness and eloquence, a singular absence of thoroughly-settled principles controlling his convictions and inspiring his labors. The "Persian Letters" brought him early into public notice, — a piquant *mélange* of lively satire and serious reflection upon human affairs; now running off into pictures of lascivious pleasure and manners, anon inculcating lessons of severe self-control; frivolous by purpose, yet ever with a shading into some graver mood; the whole thing is just such a medley as clever writers love to shred together out of "metaphysics, theology, politics, literature, morality" and immorality, sense and nonsense. The style sparkles with ideas, conceits, and splendidly illumined language. The temper of the work is bold, almost to recklessness. Writing these letters with the fire of less than thirty years, and with a free abandon, Montesquieu's whole genius gets a completer portraiture here than perhaps in any subsequent effort of his pen.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome was a theme well suited to captivate his highly imaginative and philosophical mind, and under this title he wrote upon that subject in a strong, dignified, sententious style, worthy the argument, with graphic delineations of the grandeur and baseness of the supremacy of that mistress of the world, and unstinted denunciation of its violations of human nature and rights. This disquisition, designedly or not, was a demand for public reforms in a state crushed by almost another Roman tyranny. Under the *toga* of a classical advocate, a keen eye and firm hand are sharply probing contemporary abuses and diseases in the body politic.

But the fame of Montesquieu mainly rests upon his "Spirit of Laws." This undertakes an analysis of government in its different forms, and the life which works through them. It treats of the shaping agency of external circumstances as affect-



ing human laws, and their internal forces and tendencies. It cost its author twenty years of labor. Though directly disclaiming to write in the interests of revolutionary agitation, and indeed lukewarm as Laodicea in comparison with later publicists, Montesquieu could hardly have helped the increasing drift of things around him more effectually than by issuing, in 1749, this temperate, learned, imposing, stimulating treatise. He did not particularly concern himself with any one sort of administrative power, but passed under his critical survey the prominent modes of political institutions as the working machinery of civilized communities. The book is rich in wisdom, abounds in "elevated, useful, and practical truths." Its style is vigorous, imaginative, often sublime in eloquence; but occasionally the method of the author falls off into a fanciful freakishness, as where he gives the reader whole chapters of only three lines, and those not remarkably overweighted with thought — a caprice much worthier of Lawrence Sterne's eccentric taste. A graver defect is a faulty distribution of topics — Voltaire named him "the skipping Montesquieu" — and a large discount of false theorizing. He could not throw off the spell of the sensual, secularizing, materializing sentiments of his day; its poison vitiates the life-blood of his philosophy, condemning him, in the judgment of many, for "opening the way to fatalism, to political atheism, and to Machiavelism." A caustic bit of irony amuses us in a pretended search for reasons to justify African slavery. Have the confederate Jeroboams been studying backwards the "*Esprit des Loix*?"

"Were I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the negroes, these should be my arguments. The Europeans, having extirpated the Americans, were obliged to make slaves of the Africans, for clearing such vast tracts of land. Sugar would be too dear, if the plants which produce it were cultivated by any other than slaves. These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose, that they can scarcely be pitied. It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise Being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black, ugly body. The color of the skin may be determined by that of the hair, which, among the Egyptians — the best philosophers in the world — was of such importance, that they put to death all the red-haired men who fell into their hands. The negroes prefer a glass necklace to that of

gold, which polite nations so highly value; can there be a greater proof of their wanting common sense? It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men, because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow, that we ourselves are not Christians."

A far more numerous class of writers before the Revolution was distinctly aimed at, express, in their polite and easy pages, the sneering, heartless, polished scepticism of the hour, unrelieved by any vestiges of Christian or moral reverence save as perchance for sentimental or artistic effect. Laborious about trifles and triflers in serious things, they delighted their admirers with a never wearying sprightliness, and demoralized them with an atmosphere, inhaled at every pore, of subtlest, most fragrant miasm. Among these authors, Le Sage still finds readers, beyond his own countrymen, to laugh over the whimsical adventures of "*Gil Blas*" and "*Le Diable Boiteux*." But, passing others, Fontenelle is the chief of this corps of *littérateurs*; in nothing great, says Hallam, though for the most part of a life of one hundred years enjoying "the full sunshine of Parisian literature, without care and without disease."\* We get the exact type of his times in this passionless, fantastical, witty, semi-serious, philosophist; paradoxical, good-natured, egotistical, and always sure to take care of himself. "His wisdom consisted in living morally and intellectually in a moderate temperature . . . a tepid existence, but pleasant, like everything which is lukewarm." For the last third of his long career he devoted himself to scientific memoirs. His own spirit and that of his age may be seen in the 'coquettish, boudoir-air' prettiness and pettyness with which he opens a treatise on astronomy. He brings in an imaginary interlocutor:

"Do you not feel, said I to her, that the day even is not so beautiful as a beautiful night? Yes, she answered; the beauty of the day is like a beauty with a fair complexion, who has more brilliancy; but the beauty of the night is a brunette who is more striking. I agree, replied I; but in return, a person of fair complexion, such as you, would make me enjoy a more pleasant dream than the finest night in the world, with all its beauty, resembling a brunette."

This was the lettered training of a generation of people for

\* "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," Vol. II. p. 400.

that coming ruffled ruffianism which Fontenelle lived long enough to see the beginnings of, and which made him exclaim, in his hundredth year, "I am afraid of the horrible certainty which I now meet with everywhere." The miserable hypocrisies and godlessness of his day were bringing forth their serpent-broods. But even a French revolution could not go forward without its silk-hosed escort, though trailing along its bloody route a countless *sans culottes* rank and file. We never get out of the reach of the perfumed kerchief, even within hearing of the guillotine's stroke. "A sub-delegate complained to the intendant of Paris that his feelings were so sensitive he could not discharge the duties of his office without moments of poignant grief."\* The sublime of affectation!

We are fast approaching the time, when (to quote again the author just referred to and the same work) "the French made, in 1789, the greatest effort that has ever been made by any people to sever their history into two parts, so to speak, and to tear open a gulf between their past and their future." To accomplish this, literary men with no experience of public affairs, mere speculative thinkers, had inaugurated themselves as the nation's political oracles, and inoculated the people with their doctrines, heralding a kind of logical revolution on abstract ideas, draped in rhetorical phrases, but as soulless as a statue of snow. "When the time came for action, men dealt with political questions on literary principles." The Corypheus of this accelerating movement was the man whose name is alike most famous and most infamous in French letters.

Voltaire's works, numbering at first a hundred volumes, now fill, in their collected form, a library by themselves of seventy volumes. He kept himself incessantly before the public, issuing something almost every month; tolerating no rival near his throne; "vengeance, pride, hatred," his chief inspiration. He wrote every sort of literature with the same seeming facility, but always with the special pleading of an attorney sharpening his logic or his rhetoric to the propagandism of his one idea—the constructing of a mere intellectual and materialistic civilization, which he tried hard to persuade himself and his clan was possible. What Voltaire failed to do, will Mr. Buckle

\* De Tocqueville's "Old Régime and the Revolution," p. 85.

succeed in accomplishing? A poet without the vital spark, his fluent versification was original and impressive after the insipidities of Fontenelle. But no lofty enthusiasm fires his muse; merely a hot thirst for glory. "Epic poems (says Vinet) are true human bibles;" but Voltaire had not only no "religious heart," he had not even a "religious imagination." The "*Henriade*" glitters, but never warms. In the drama, he is a good artificer of situations, complications, and stage-effects. His perfect knowledge of human nature in society gave him the mastery of the popular ear and passion. But he knew not the soul of man as did Shakespeare; he had no line to sound its profoundest depths, no vision to penetrate the mysteries of the infinite, to comprehend the greatness of a spiritual existence. He had no self-knowledge, nor power of reflection by which to acquire it, and, through it, a true conception of humanity. This is fatal to dramatic excellence. He puts up grand bazaars and fancy summer-palaces *secundum artem*, but he builds no grand cathedrals in which the spirit may feel its own divineness, and adore its Maker. In prose composition, his characteristics are a natural simplicity and clearness of expression, an unfailing vivacity, and a surprising practical adaptability to the men and the times about him, — a common sense in pursuing his objects which is as sure in him as an animal instinct. But there is no weight nor majesty of movement. The philosophy of life is of the lowest grade, without loftiness of aspiration or breadth of apprehension. The man has no wings, however nimble of foot. He has the sharpness of short-sighted people for very near objects, but no eye-glass to bring distant prospects within reach. This describes his handling of literary criticism. In history, he was a tasteful eulogist of periods and persons that captivated his fancy for some exhibition of uncommon power or splendor — as Charles of Sweden and Louis XIV.; of such he wrote with rare elegance, but without regard to consistency or sincerity, to truth or justice. Without faith in God or providence, without any grasp of a unity of causation or purpose thus derived, he gives us a marked illustration of Lamertine's landscape to which the painter has forgotten to put a sky.

Voltaire's emergence upon the stage of French affairs was

just at the transition-line between the empires of hypocrisy and licentiousness. Respectably born, the Jesuits were his first schoolmasters, and he put their well-remembered lessons to adroit uses in after years. The youthful *protégé* of a Parisian woman of pleasure, he early saw behind the curtain of more than a mock theatre; he took degrees in free living and thinking, which thoroughly corrupted his whole being before his boyhood ended. Incapable of repose as quicksilver, with which his veins seemed to be injected, he was always moving, stirring, hurrying from spot to spot — bold, reckless, fearless of comment and scandal, the concentrated distillation of a revolutionary Frenchman — a born destructive. His nature was a compound of audacity, vanity, sensibility, intellectuality, frivolity, sensuality. “Gorge yourselves with pleasures (he wrote in advanced life); as for me, I can do no more. I have finished my time.” Incapable of love, he never forgave an unfavorable criticism, even of his allies in the antichristian crusade. This is what he says of Rousseau: “I should not have attributed to Jean-Jacques genius and eloquence. I find in him no genius. His detestable romance, ‘Heloise,’ is absolutely devoid of it. ‘Emilius,’ in like manner, and all his other works, are those of an empty declaimer. . . . He thought that he resembled Diogenes, and he has scarcely the honor of resembling his dog.” He told the truth, all but in the “friendship,” when he said once: “I am of a character which nothing can bend, firm in friendship and in feeling, and fearing nothing either in this world or in the world to come.” Few loved him; his whole generation feared him. His satire was like scalding lava, and he poured it out with a malignant luxury of delight, it mattered little upon whom, as in that most atrocious of his dramas, “La Pucelle;” and then most solemnly denied the parentage of his own wicked spite. He was a libertine in letters beyond all his compeers, acknowledging no law but his own changeful mood. But strong as was his destructive arm, the havoc of his onsets was largely owing to the weakness of goodness, the universal lack of faith, in his day. He did not make his age; it caught him up on its already swollen current, to which, in turn, he gave a deeper and more rapid flow. He smote the corners of a rotten house, like a wind from the

desert, and its beams and pillars tumbled into a heap of confusion.

Voltaire is the human Mephistophiles ; heartless, sardonic, brilliant, selfish, full of power and ineffable meanness, the culmination of scoffing infidelity. When he is merry, "there is hell in that smile ;" a satanic mockery —

"That laughs alike at ruin and redemption."

Yet he was opposed to persecution, and is said to have taken an annual fever on St. Bartholomew's Day. When dangerously sick, his courage failed him. In a slighter illness, twenty years before, he had taken the eucharist as a matter of sport, for which scandalous comedy even D'Alembert censured him. Now his ovation in Paris, amidst the shouts of the million, "Long live the author of 'La Pucelle !'" was speedily followed by his wretched death ; just before which he again sent for a priest, and put his name to this confession, which alone was wanting to change our horror at his crimes into a contempt of his pusillanimity :

"I, the undersigned, declare, that being attacked four days since with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, as I was unable to crawl to church, the rector of St. Sulpice wished to add to his good works by sending to me the Abbé Gauthier, a priest. I confessed myself to him, and if I die, I die in the holy Catholic religion in which I was born, hoping in the mercy of God that he will pardon all my faults ; and if I have scandalized the church, I ask pardon for it from God and from her."

M. Vinet holds the balances with a steady hand in weighing the life of this strange being. We use some of his terms, but not with exact quotation. Not more wicked than some others, his wickedness was more freely developed. God and conscience gave no law to his conduct ; he had only instincts, many positively bad, others not. There was no harmony in his nature ; he was made up of ever-repeating antitheses, and multiplying extravagances. He is great, but never sublime. Bitter and gross in his assaults upon Christianity, he forged authorities for his statements which had no existence. He appealed to prejudices, and argued by sophisms. He was not an atheist, but

his deism was nothing better. His God had no personality or consistent character. He had an ideal of civilization and a feeling of social justice; he dealt with facts rather than with principles; but he was lame as a reasoner, and a despiser of humanity with all his pretended zeal for its improvement. Absolute as was his sway as an autocrat in the world of letters, it was brief as it was universal. "Beyond the age of the Empire, in which he had some imitators in satire and tragedy, Voltaire, as a man of literature, no longer exists in literary history."

The irony of Voltaire and the misanthropy of Rousseau were the blind guides of that most miserable of the ages into "the blackness of darkness." We cannot pause upon such names as Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Buffon; nor long upon this "compound of mud and fire," as the Edinburgh Review styled the Genevese recluse; which volcanic combination was habitually in a state of active explosiveness or sub-base growling of suppressed wrath. Different as was constitutionally possible from Voltaire, Rousseau possessed not a grain of common-sense. Sentiment, sensibility, passionateness, imaginativeness running into a dreamy reverie, fitted him to minister to the wants of a numerous class whom the dry, keen, practical spirit of Voltaire could never attract or satisfy. He was the loadstone of the melancholic and romantic temperaments of the age. But he misled and corrupted his admirers by offering to their religious longings a worthless, deathly food—a gospel of stone, and serpent, and scorpion, instead of the bread which their hunger craved.

A precocious and meditative youth, left to his own safe-keeping, Rousseau says of himself; "at twelve, I was a Roman, at twenty, a blackguard." The story of those years is familiar. His nature had great constitutional excellences and defects. A morbid element vitiated it which subsequent experiences aggravated into downright monomania. From the first there was a love of solitude, not only for its liberties, but from an original sympathy with its isolation from other lives. His character was marred by an utter destitution of moral firmness, filling his intercourse with society with all manner of petty deceptions and meannesses. This he was conscious of, and has himself



minutely detailed ; yet, by an unaccountable contradiction, he was proud to excess of himself as a pattern of manly virtue, not hesitating to write to a correspondent ; "I . . always believed myself and . . still believe myself, all things considered, the best of men." A bad friend, ungrateful, untrue, especially to women, and a father who, with all his sensitiveness, cast off his offspring upon the public charities, he nevertheless could make this appeal in his "Confessions" which he penned to clear his reputation with posterity :

"Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I go with this book in my hand and present myself before the sovereign Judge. I will say aloud, There is what I have done, what I have thought, what I have been. I have shown myself what I was — contemptible and vile when I was so ; good, generous, and elevated when I was so. I have unveiled the inner man, such as thou, O eternal God, hast seen him thyself. Gather around me the innumerable number of my equals to listen to my confessions. . . . Let each of them in his turn lay open his heart at the foot of thy throne with the same sincerity, and then let a single one say, if he dare, I was better than that man."

Libertine as he was, by his own revelations, in heart and practice, this astonishing self-conceit has an explanation in the consciousness which he felt, and has given evidence of in his productions, of a deep sense of spiritual beauty and justice ; in the consent also of his understanding to a high standard of abstract morality. No one has discoursed more eloquently and tenderly of these things than this impassioned, poetical novelist. Nor was he sordid in his feelings, nor unrelenting in his hatreds, like Voltaire. When he could no longer love this vindictive rival, he could address to him a dignified and temperate letter, professing still an admiration for his contemporary's writings which could no longer be extended to his person.

Rousseau was a nature-worshipper of the intensest devoutness. He loved the still life of her sequestered haunts with an unaffected enthusiasm. He quaffed the cup of pleasure which she there mingled for him with an exquisite zest. He understood the physical life around him, and enjoyed it thoroughly. This was one secret of his popular power — the magic wand of an interpreter to duller souls of the wonders, beauties, myste-



ries of the material world. By far the most subtle and penetrative genius of his age, his electrical utterances vibrated the nation as the ringing of bells or the clash of music undulates the atmosphere. His spirit was full of the minor melodies, through which a "hidden wail," as in the singing of the slave, is always running. He had the air of a serious, earnest man. "Man at the bottom of his heart remains a serious being; whoever speaks to him in a serious way has a better chance of being listened to with attention. . . . The people, when men laugh with them, think they laugh at them. The masses are serious." He was superstitious. Musing one day in a grove on future destinies, he found himself mechanically throwing stones at the trees. A thought struck him.

"I said to myself, I am going to cast this stone at the tree opposite to me; if I hit it, then this is a sign of salvation; if I miss it, it is a sign of damnation. In saying so, I threw the stone with a trembling hand and with a fearfully beating heart, but so successfully that it struck the very middle of the tree, which really was not difficult, for I took care to choose one very thick and very near. From that time I no longer doubted of my salvation."

Singularly enough, with all his weaknesses and irregularities of mind, Rousseau possessed the reasoning power in a very high degree. His logic was almost faultless in its unstudied processes, saving this — that he was almost sure to start from false premises. In this he was the most irreclaimable of sophists. But admit his postulates and his conclusions were inevitable. Hence the mischief of his influence upon the unsettled minds of his countrymen. His treatises on society, government, education, manners, religion, abound with noble, admirable passages as far beyond the range of Voltaire's conception as a star in heaven transcends the white phosphorescence of decaying wood. But they are fraught with error, delusion, falsehood, which to believe is to die. Yet his aim was not destructive, but rather reconstructive, fatally as he mistook the only true regeneration of society. He did even more harm to the world than his greatest contemporary, because his grasp took hold of its innermost heart: but he was never irreverent like the scoffer of Ferney, though Catholic, Protestant, and neither in turn.

He died two months after Voltaire, "in solitude, in abandonment, and almost in indigence;" haunted for years with the phantom of his own suspicions that everybody had entered into a conspiracy to blast his renown and destroy his peace — a pitiable wreck as of a golden treasure-ship on some sunken reef, with thousands of other freighted argosies following in its wake, going to pieces upon the same treacherous coast.

These men, so gifted and so reprobate, did the work, as others before us have said, to which they were sent. "They remind us of those who ravage nations, and who receive, like Genseric, this word of command: "*Go to the peoples against whom the wind of God's wrath blows.*"

---

### ARTICLE III.

#### THE AMERICAN BOARD AND ITS REVIEWERS.

1. *Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* Fifth Edition. Boston: 1862. 8vo. pp. 464.
2. *The Christian Examiner.* March, 1862. ART. VII. The American Board.
3. *The North American Review.* April, 1862. ART. IX. Memorial Volume of the American Board, &c.
4. *The American Quarterly Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register.* January, 1862. ART. II. The American Board of Foreign Missions and the Oriental Churches.

Is Christianity better than heathenism? Are the Gospels above the Vedas? Is Christ more than Confucius, and the Holy Spirit more than the "Great Spirit"? These questions arose unbidden as we read the "Christian Examiner's" article on the "Memorial Volume" of the American Board. What could the volume be that suggested such a review? We had not yet opened it. What could be the critic's critical or Christian

stand-point to see and say such things? We at once procured the Memorial, and read it from preface to appendix, and then again read the "Examiner." We cannot see how it has said so much, and yet so little about the book, failed so totally to grasp it and the topics of which it makes record, and yet found so many items and phrases to set in quotation marks and surround with unamiable sayings.

"Rev. Rufus Anderson has produced a cold and calculating official report, — a painful blue-book." (Examiner, p. 273.) It was not the object of the author to write a history of the Board. He sought calmly and correctly to put on record in a memorial, its origin, constitution, and relations; and to give an intelligent idea of its meetings, correspondence, finances, agencies, officers, missionaries, churches, schools, deputations, fields of labor, principles and policies of working, and resultant literature. A versatile talent and style of writing, felicitous as it is varied, has attained this object, and we think that a heart warm with desire to give the heathen nations to Christ, their Redeemer, will not find the work a cold report.

The reviewer (and we think it but justice to a fair-minded and classic periodical to say the reviewer rather than the "Christian Examiner") speaks of "the odious elements of the spirit of the board," always striving "to make a fair show in the flesh;" but the ground of such a reference to so noble an institution does not appear. We class it with expressions like the following; others can perceive as well as ourselves the ground and the spirit of them: "Dr. Anderson avoids his subject under the cover of a vigilant effort to be pious." "The Board's Holy Ghost is guaranteed by certain rich and blameless Pharisees of benevolence, who like to be hinted at in reports and memorials." "It would be a curious problem to calculate how much failure would put an end to this smooth culture of corporate self-conceit." "The attitude of the board seems to us to no small extent an instance of unconscious false pretences." "This 'conversion' is mere wood, hay, and stubble." "It would be a noble enterprise to goad this eminently pious Board into a vigorous application of common sense to their operations." "The labored efforts to avoid the vital topics of this history." "Probably one hundred cents represents the average desire of

'a professor of godliness' out of our cities for the rescue of pagan souls from the certain (?) perils of hell!" "The Unitarian body, if it does forever criticize itself before the world, is at least free from this resolute contest with the most ghastly failure. For our part, we do not desire its organizations and its members to resolve themselves into a mutual admiration society." Such expressions declare their inspiration of what kind it is.

More than half the article in the "Examiner" is devoted to the finances of the board, and by small criticisms and great suppressions it labors to make its point that, financially, this effort of half a century is an "unquestioned ill success," a "most ghastly failure." It would seem that common candor and fairness could have found room for at least one paragraph of fact, that the receipts of the board have steadily increased from one thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand per annum; that during this half century it has collected and disbursed more than eight millions, without having experienced a defalcation or suspicion; and that its paper has been among the best commercial paper of the world. But this simply and obviously just statement of facts that lie upon the surface of the history of the board would have spoiled more than half the reviewer's work. "Every means has been resorted to for collecting funds, and yet none can be said to have succeeded." The writer seems unable to discriminate between a "most ghastly failure" and a variation or improvement in the modes of collecting. But if the trifle of eight millions is a failure, what is the Unitarian idea of success in collecting for Foreign Missions? And what is their experience?

"We had hoped," says the writer, "to discuss, in connection with this 'Memorial Volume,' the principles and working of the Missions themselves, their interior policy, and the service which they may perform, especially the kind of agencies which they should make use of; but we find almost nothing in regard to the matter in this volume." (p. 282.) This statement surprises us, since, of the four hundred pages in the body of the Memorial, one hundred and seventy-five are an *exposé* of this very thing — "the principles and working of the missions."

But all these faults in the review of the Memorial are minor and trivial compared with its vast omissions and suppressions.

Its original sin and depravity consist in "a want of conformity unto" the great facts of the volume. Indeed, we suspect that the theological status and the religious and spiritual mood of the critic did not qualify him to do such a work. The field to be reviewed seems to lie beyond the neighborhood of his thoughts, and perspective, and grasp. The missionary forces put into the fields of the Board are not stated and estimated in any moral balances; their Christian results are not reviewed and summed up; the principles, working, and interior policy of missions, occupying so large a part of the volume, are not touched; the educational fruits are not mentioned even in the gross; the broad field of missionary literature, a theme so inviting for a Christian examiner, receives no allusion; the moral contrast wrought out under the eye of the Board in its fields of labor between 1810 and 1860 is not sketched or hinted at; and the Christian worthies, who founded the institution and who have made it illustrious for half a century, are passed by with a perfect and profound silence.

For us, therefore, to accomplish our purpose in reaching the Memorial Volume, we must leave the "Examiner." But before taking leave we must advert to the reviewer's ideas on the duty of sustaining missions to the heathen:

"It is an error to say that missions, as such, are made obligatory by the law of the gospel and the words of Christ." "A mission beyond the sphere of clearly defined good opportunity, simply that we may think that we have done our duty in the matter of missions, is the serious error of many good men. Place a given church in the midst of a heathen community, and it must become, like the early church, a missionary organization. Not so placed, it cannot so readily undertake the work of missions." "Benevolent organizations, like that of the American Board, should confine their operations to gathering and administering funds in aid of those enterprises which can support their appeal by clear evidence of a good work *already begun*, and sure to be done to some extent even if no aid is rendered."—pp. 283, 284.

That is, if we are made comfortable by Christianity, not being "in the midst of a heathen community," no matter what religion others have or how they fare. The early Christians were under no obligation to send and carry the gospel to our pagan ancestors, unless they saw a "clearly defined good oppor-

tunity." If Madagascar is towed in and anchored off Cape Cod we are obligated by the opportunity to evangelize the island. But lying off as it does at God's moorings in the Indian Ocean our duty may not extend to so inconvenient a distance.

We have not so learned Christ in his last command. Our Christian sympathies are not so pent up. That "indefinite sentiment," of which the Board is said to be the organ, leads us into the effort to "preach the gospel to every creature." The "good opportunity" to labor where there is "clear evidence of a good work already begun," is said to be the only warrant for beginning a mission. So Paul confessed to a great mistake when he said: "So have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Eliot should not have founded his Indian churches. The pioneers of the Board had no right to Christianize the Sandwich Islands, or in any place to fulfil prophecy, and make the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. The first Christians in any given locality must be autochthones.

The "North American Review," whose article on the Memorial Volume we have indicated at the head of this paper, expresses our views and feelings on the duty of Missions so thoroughly and so admirably, that we in this connection make a quotation. The whole article is a noble and worthy tribute to the genius, progress, and success of this half-century enterprise. The broad Christianity, scholarship, and compass of the Editor, pressed by the onerous duties that a painful providence has suddenly imposed on him, find time to revel in his theme, and the grace of his pen is excelled only by the grace of his spirit.

"The quiescence from which the churches of our land were roused by the formation of this Board, was an utterly unchristian state. The legitimate gospel can have no statics, but only dynamics, so long as there remains a nation or a soul not under its influence. It is in its founder's purpose an unresistingly aggressive force. The church that makes of itself a close corporation, furnishes the means of religious nurture only to its pew-holders, — its members bringing their own shallow cups to the fountain of salvation, and never proffering a

draught to a thirsty outside brother, — has no title to be regarded as a church of Christ. The prime law of our religion is diffusive love; love imparts what it most prizes; and he can know little of the blessedness of Christian faith and hope who yearns not to make his fellow-men partakers of that blessedness." — p. 466.

We cannot appreciate these half-century records composing the Memorial Volume without first admitting to our mind some tolerable idea of the state of the Christian world as related to missions, and of the missionary field, when the Board commenced its work.

On the continent of Europe there was very little civil or religious liberty. Evangelical religion had barely an existence. We were just beginning to be known and felt as a member in the family of nations, being in our second vigintal, and with less than a fourth of our present population. We had no railroad, no telegraph, and but two or three steamers, coasting and creeping at five miles an hour. A few local Home Missionary and Bible Societies were doing something in a small way, but national organizations to give the gospel to the world were not thought of. Nor, indeed, was there any general idea in the American church that this was a Christian duty, and could be discharged. The morning light was breaking in England, specially among the Moravians, Baptists, and Wesleyans. Here and there could be found an English or Scotch missionary in Sierra Leone, South Africa, India, Tahiti, and the West Indies. But the American church at this time had no organization for foreign labor, and no foreign laborer for Christ. His friends were ignorant and apathetic, while his enemies derided such an undertaking.

The missionary field was as vast and as dark as the friends of missions were few and feeble. The Moslem power was yet a terror in all the East. Turkey in Europe and in Asia, and all that region where are now our most successful missions, was under the pale light of the crescent, and the guard of bloody hands. Southern Asia, at widely separated border spots, showed a faint tinge of the coming dawn. But inland and direct to the arctic, or sweeping around through China's seas, with an inclosure of the millions of the Celestials and Japanese, there was scarcely one oasis. True, Morrison had planted a



solitary olive-tree outside the walls of the Chinese empire, but it was so small it could ill spare a single leaf for the inquiring dove. Africa, dark, stricken, bleeding Africa, still lay an almost unbroken offering to heathenism, and to the traffickers in human flesh. Two years only before the organization of the Board our government had forbidden the foreign slave-trade, we leading the nations in this crusade of mercy. The islands, from continental Australia to the smallest coral reef of the Pacific, were, with very few exceptions, in unmitigated and unvisited paganism. No comforting and saving words reached them from Him who "was in the isle that is called Patmos." In our own land the wigwam was still in Ohio. St. Louis counted scarcely her thousand residents, while from the mouths to the springs of the Mississippi, in all her tributary head waters, now the homestead of fifteen millions of whites, the paddle of the Indian was dipped without molestation, and almost without a rival. Cincinnati still numbered her inhabitants by hundreds, and it was not till two years later, 1812, that Buffalo rose to the magnitude of a frontier military post.

Such was the position of the church in the earth, and such the mournful state of the heathen world, when Mills proposed to his praying companions "to send the gospel to that dark and heathen land, and said, we could do it if we would." In connection with their wishes to go, and their necessities in going, the American Board was formed.

If the limits of this paper would allow, it would be a rare pleasure, a Christian enjoyment of the highest kind, to name and characterize the earlier members and managers of this Board. To begin to call the catalogue, with the memorialists for the charter, adding the first body of corporate members, and then the earlier corresponding secretaries, Worcester, Evarts, Cornelius, Wisner, stirs to new life and vigor our noblest qualities. All the better associations of our childhood are linked in with this institution and these men. We were taught, by the way in which it was annually presented, received, supported, spoken of, and prayed for, to place it next to an apostolical institution. Probably no single manifestation has done so much to give us a complete conception of the spirit and scope of the religion of Christ. As an educating power in the



land, unfolding to the present generation the genius of Christianity, and shaping and stimulating the church to those other organized labors that lie outside of parish limits, its influence has been beyond parallel or computation. These names are interwoven with the whole. It seemed to come of God through them. So but to call over the catalogue of them is a means of grace. But time would fail us. Partial portraits of some of them are beautifully and nobly drawn in the Memorial. The author has shown a rare power and grace in making a few lines portray so much, while in the comprehensive and truthful sketches of the founders of the Board we recognize the pen, peerless in Christian biography, of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. What the Earl of Shaftesbury said of the men composing our missions in Western Asia, is eminently true of this noble roll-call: "They are a marvellous combination of common-sense and piety."

The American Board is a phenomenon of fifty years' growth and standing. Its origin, first movements, and development, were all voluntary. It started in no denominational spirit, took impetus, shape, and direction from no ecclesiasticism. It was the natural outgrowth of the evangelism that inheres in all parts of the real church of God. The spirit of Christ within the church, and the working providences of God without, conjoined and contributed to produce this institution. Nearer to the common Master in spirit and in policy, it was born of no particular church, but of the Church. Like Him it has always been above sects and denominations. It is the child of doctrine and of evangelical experience. The "Examiner" says, "the American Board is very largely the organ of an indefinite sentiment." On the contrary it is practical exegesis of the teachings of our Lord. It is a most legitimate deduction from the New Testament and the Westminster Assembly's Catechism. In the first years of the Board, the "Panoplist," a staunch Calvinistic magazine, was its medium of communication with the public. How far the "Panoplist" was the medium of "an indefinite sentiment," the Unitarians of that day could probably better say than this reviewer in the "Examiner." Broad principles underlie it, making its position steady, its development uniform, and its proportions massive. Its first

annual meeting was held in the parlor of Dr. Porter, of Farmington, Connecticut. The members of the Board present were four, and the audience was one person. Five others of its earlier annual meetings were held in parlors and boarding-houses. Seven members were in attendance at the second, nine at the third, and twelve at the fourth. Now its annual meetings are as when the tribes of Israel went up to Jerusalem. How many at the meeting in Hartford, in 1854, and at the Jubilee, were reminded of "the last day, that great day of the feast," when, amid the thronging hosts, "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." On several occasions the multitude have filled and overflowed from the first house of meeting till several of the nearer churches have been crowded, as when the poor widow did borrow vessels not a few of her neighbors to catch the miraculous overflow of oil.

The receipts of the Board have shown the same steadily and strongly rising progress, as if from the growth of an organic elemental power. The income for the first year, 1811, wanted forty-eight cents of being one thousand dollars. The average for each of the four years ending with 1859, was \$345,296, while the receipts for 1860 were \$429,799.08. There is a charm for the Christian heart in that tabular column in the Memorial that shows a steady and almost uniform rise in the income. The column stands as a nilometer, marking each annual increase in the rise of the waters that shall make a broader belt of desert to wave with a harvest and glitter with sickles. So may these fertilizing waters of mercy continue to deepen and overflow till they 'comfort all the waste places, and make the wilderness like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord.' One marked feature in this phenomenon is, that while all the contributions to the Board are voluntary, its managers are able to depend on them with so much certainty that it can make all its appropriations in advance of the receipts. Not only so, but the credit of the Board, as a business house, has never been brought into suspicion, and its paper is as good in any part of the commercial world where it is needed, as that of the best bankers. "Its bills," says the Memorial, are "as good as gold to its missionaries in every land." The cost of the agencies, so called, for collecting funds has been a little

more than three and one third per cent. on the gross receipts of the Board from the beginning, a fact that should shed some light and quiet some complaints.

The accumulation of a debt at different times has been owing to the fact that the increase of the spirit of benevolence in the church, as shown in its contributions, has not kept pace with the increase in demands that God has laid on the Board by his providential successes and openings, which demands the very pressures of providence compelled them to meet. When afterward the facts in the case have been given to this voluntary constituency they have promptly met and removed the pressure on the treasury. So has God led the way to the acts that the Memorial thus records :

"It is believed to be a fact, that the great permanent advances in the receipts of the Board all stand in immediate connection with its larger debts, and would seem to have resulted from the effort to throw them off." p. 159.

But great as has been the amount of funds contributed to this world-wide enterprise, the human life and labor, the mental and moral treasure far outweigh it. At the beginning four men, from as many different colleges, Brown, Williams, Harvard, and Union, offer themselves for foreign missions. The western continent had no organization to hear such an offer. The American Board was organized with an ear, heart, and hand to accept such offers. In carrying out its great work the Board has sent out, reckoning only up to the Jubilee, four hundred and fifteen ordained missionaries, and eight hundred and forty-three not ordained ; twelve hundred and fifty-eight in all. Each of these was a self-moved, free-will offering to Christ and the church. Indeed true religion is a power, and it controls some men.

What these men have accomplished can be stated in our compass for this article only in summary. We know how meagre a form results are made to take when shown in figures, specially when those results are moral and religious. It is like opening the catacombs of Rome, classifying the bones of the martyrs, and then showing them as the heroic and martyr age of Christianity. Yet a summary is all we can give, and we

take it from the elaborate Semi-Centennial Discourse of Dr. Hopkins, at the Jubilee.

"There have been established thirty-nine distinct missions, of which twenty-two now remain in connection with the Board ; with two hundred and sixty-nine stations and out-stations, employing four hundred and fifty-eight native helpers, preachers, and pastors, not including teachers. They have formed one hundred and forty-nine churches, have gathered at least fifty-five thousand church members, of whom more than twenty thousand are now in connection with its churches. It has under its care three hundred and sixty-nine seminaries and schools, and in them more than ten thousand children. It has printed more than a thousand millions of pages, in forty different languages. It has reduced eighteen languages to writing, thus forming the germs of a new literature. It has raised a nation from the lowest forms of heathenism to a Christian civilization, so that a larger proportion of its people can read than in New England. It has done more to extend and to diffuse in this land a knowledge of different countries and people, than any or all other agencies, and the reaction upon the churches of this foreign work has been invaluable." pp. 16, 17.

To see all which in its true estimate we must see it in its relations to the heathen world and the great future. It is "the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains." In the eyes of our children and children's children "the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." In all this we see the three score and ten thousands of Solomon that bare burdens, and the four score thousand hewers in the mountains, and we see the cedar trees and the fir trees coming by sea in floats unto Jerusalem. Also herein we see the great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders, even the stone-squarers, are hewing them. So are they preparing timber of fir, and timber of cedar, and stones to build the house. The dedication hastens. Blessed are the hands that are setting up the stones and laying the beams in the deep quiet of their work, equally blessed with those that shall bring forth the top-stone. Beautifully and justly does the "North American Review" say of these laborers and their work :

"The missionary has no thought of fame ; his only impulse — the noblest indeed, and the mightiest of all — is the desire to save his

fellow-men from spiritual death, and to enlarge the empire of Him whose are all souls, and to whom is destined 'the kingdom and the dominion under the whole heaven.'" His work "is the noblest conception which can enter the human soul, the most godlike service which can be rendered by human wisdom and charity." "Such men do not live or die to themselves. They reproduce something of their own likeness, not alone on the arduous paths they trod, but in unnumbered homes and quiet walks of duty, in humble scenes, in the susceptible hearts of children, in our colleges, in our rural parsonages, and wherever is a chord that can vibrate at the touch of what is most noble, generous, and holy." pp. 481, 472, 468.

As much in point and in force is the testimonial of the Earl of Shaftesbury to the members of our missions in Western Asia, a testimonial that, with little variation, would apply to the main body :

"I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American mission. . . . There they stand, tested by years, tried by their works, and exemplified by their fruits ; and I believe it will be found that these American missionaries have done more toward upholding the truth and spreading the gospel of Christ in the East than any other body of men in this or any other age."

We cannot refrain from appending here what Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., said of the results of missionary labor at the Sandwich Islands, after being there two months in 1860 :

"It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary ; preserved their language from extinction ; given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science and entertainment, &c., &c. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read is greater than in New England. And whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently

clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies." Memorial, p. 393.

We are aided in making a just estimate of the results of all this labor of the American Board, by a survey of the missionary literature that has been created by the enterprise. A half century ago the American church was in a deep and sinful slumber over our duty to the heathen, and it required no little labor of the press, as well as of the living voice, to produce a scriptural public sentiment. In the protracted struggle for the charter of the Board, it was objected in the Senate that it was "designed to afford the means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare from among ourselves." The country then felt the objection but did not understand the philosophy and force of the reply made by the late Hon. Daniel A. White, of Salem, that "religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had remaining." In working up a proper religious belief and sentiment on the duty of foreign missions and in carrying them on, a new class of literature was produced.

The Board at first used the "Panoplist" as its organ. For a time the "Missionary Herald" was connected with it, but became a separate periodical in 1819, and now makes forty octavo volumes of near four hundred pages each. It is a compend of the observations and study of hundreds of educated men during forty years' travel and residence in the most of the unknown parts of the world. It makes record of nations, their physical, mental, and moral condition, their habits, religions, education, government, and pursuits. It is a library in itself, and much sought in other countries as well as our own by the more profound students in geography, physical science, government, commerce, and religion. The library of the Board also shows one hundred and thirteen printed missionary sermons, forty-seven of them being its own annual sermons. They have been thrown broadcast through the land, illustrating and en-

forcing this work by presenting it in all its features, phases, and aspects. With these we very properly mention about sixty tracts designed to enlighten, encourage, and stimulate the church in this work. A large part of these were written by the secretaries of the Board. It may interest the curious, furnish some insight into the work done at the Missionary-House, and perhaps give information to any who suppose the salaries of the leading officers there are high and their labors light, to state in this place that in the archives of the Board in Pemberton Square, there are one hundred and sixty-five heavy folio volumes in manuscript and letter-press. These are made up of autograph letters of the secretaries and the treasurer, copies of letters, by pen and letter-press, to missionaries and others in foreign lands and among the Indians, and instructions to departing missionaries. To such and so extensive hidden authorship are these officials devoted, this being but one of the departments of their labors. We indicate a creation that very few minds can admit the conception of when we add that the missionaries of the Board have reduced twenty pagan languages to writing, given them type, and furnished them reasonably with a printed literature. The Board have also printed at their own presses works for the missions in forty-three different languages. Twenty of these languages were spoken by missionaries at the house of the Senior Secretary on the evening following the Jubilee meeting. But we shall best show what the Board has done in creating a foreign literature by gleanings from the well-digested chapter on this subject in the Memorial by the Rev. Joseph Tracy, D. D.

In thirty or forty foreign languages the Board have prepared elementary school-books. In twelve, they have prepared grammars; in nine, dictionaries and arithmetics; in three, algebras and astronomies; in ten, geographies; and in six, histories. These text-books were published and used by the Board in the various mission-schools as indispensable or greatly aiding in the teaching and reading of the Holy Scriptures. Of the Word of God, new translations, entire or in part, have been made into all those new languages reduced to writing by the missionaries. In some of the other languages translations existed, but so imperfect as to need much revision, and in certain cases new



translations. Of the latter class the Arabic is a prominent illustration. Two ancient versions of the Bible existed in it, but want of idiomatic elegance and accuracy of rendering, as well as the want of taste and finish in the letters and type, made the editions of the Bible quite unacceptable and even offensive to the literary culture and refined taste of the Arabic mind. For the Arabs have an extensive, varied, and highly cultivated literature. The language spoken by them and read by their learned men, is the language of one hundred and twenty millions and of their Koran. This they had never allowed in type because of the inelegant and unscholarly appearance of the letters. The missionaries, with great labor and care, collected the best specimens of Arabic copy-hand, and from the best characters in these they prepared a font of Arabic type to print like the most elegant manuscript. Then, "besides the best dictionaries, grammars, and other philological helps known in Europe, others, some of them very extensive, the work of Arab scholars, still in manuscript, were collected. Native linguists, competent, and cordially interested in the work, were engaged as assistants. After years of intense labor the New Testament has been translated, printed, and put in circulation, and the publication of the Old Testament is far advanced." In almost all, if not all, of the forty-three languages in which the Board have had printing done, parts or the whole of the Bible have been published. We cannot go farther in showing what the Board have had printed in foreign languages than to say, in brief, that their different works amount to about *two thousand*. For illustration, there are forty-four in Arabic, one hundred and nineteen in Armenian, forty-three in modern Syriac, one hundred and eighty in Mahratta, three hundred and seven in Tamil, one hundred and fifty in Chinese. In carrying on this vast work, in operating this wonderful laboratory for creating light, the missions have had in service fifteen printing houses, forty-four presses, seventy-eight fonts of type, nine type-founderies, and nine book-binderies—a polyglott establishment of forty-three tongues. If we return to the English language and home publications of a missionary character and resultant missionary literature, issued by the Board and more private publishing-houses, we find thirty-one works

in the department of missionary biography, "of which there is not one," says the N. A. Review, "that has not had its divine mission in rebuking scepticism, awakening conviction, urging Christians to a more devoted life, and inspiring new and more vigorous endeavors for the growth of religion in the world," (p. 468), ten memoirs of native converts, ten historical works, prepared by our missionaries, twelve of missionary travels, — one of which, the Rev. Samuel Parker's "Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains," in 1835, "first made known a practicable route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific," (p. 380), with eleven others of a miscellaneous origin and character, but all connected with the one great work. Well does Dr. Tracy remark, in closing his admirable summary of the literature produced by the Board :

"This immense contribution to the school literature of the world has cost a great amount of labor ; but it has been found indispensable to the raising up of intelligent Christian populations, capable of maintaining themselves permanently at the elevation to which missionary labors had raised them. The aid thus rendered to the sciences of comparative philology and ethnography, though merely one of the incidental results of these labors, has a value which only scholars in those departments can fully appreciate." p. 375.

Dr. Hopkins, in his Semi-Centennial Discourse, speaking of the general labors of the Board and their reflex influence, says : "It has done more to extend and to diffuse in this land a knowledge of different countries and people, than any or all other agencies."

The "North American Review," in the article already quoted, takes a very broad and scholarly survey of the "incidental aid to good letters and valuable knowledge" that has been furnished by the missions of the Board. We avail ourselves once more of its pages to express the common conviction of scholars on the services in this respect that this institution has rendered to the republic of letters. This article in the "North American," we may add, is one of the fairest, fullest, most appreciative, and most genial toward the cause, of any we have read, as covering this half century of Christian work :

"Its services to learning and science merit especial commemoration in treating of the missionary enterprise. In philology, and in descrip-

tive and physical geography, more has been effected within the last half century by this agency than by all others, and in our own country the contributions of the missionaries of the American Board to these branches of knowledge have borne to other researches and discoveries a proportion which it would be impossible to estimate, and which, could it be stated in figures, would seem almost mythical." . . . "As regards geography, in every region that has been opened to the curiosity of the present generation, if we except the region of the Amoor, missionaries [ours and others] have been the pioneer explorers. They have penetrated Africa in every direction, and their carefully written and ably illustrated volumes, filled with what they have seen and experienced, and vivified by the humane sentiment which pervades them throughout, stand in strong contrast with the jejune, spiritless sketches of some secular tourists, and the exciting myths and exaggerations of others." . . . "We ought not to omit emphatic mention of the '*Missionary Herald*,' a periodical containing reports from all the missionary stations, with accurate statistics embracing every department of knowledge on which the researches of its contributors can throw light. If we were to leave out of thought its prime purpose of enkindling and sustaining zeal in the great work of evangelizing the world, and to regard it solely as a journal for the dissemination of knowledge and the advancement of learning, it would easily hold the first place among the periodicals of the age." pp. 475, 479, 481.

Nearly one half of the Memorial Volume is devoted to the theory and practice of Foreign Missions. It unfolds the constitution and origin of a mission, its development, laws of growth and completion, the relation of preaching, the press, and schools to the missionary work, the formation and culture of native churches, and the ecclesiastical status of the Board, the missionaries and the native churches as related to each other. The whole is set forth in the clear, candid, and succinct style of Dr. Anderson. He has succeeded admirably in combining principles and experiments, facts, arguments, illustrations, and interrogatories in this part of the work.

An extensive reading of it would much enlighten and harmonize the church on her great work of obeying our Lord's last command. Our space contracts, but we must, though briefly, state some of the principles, interior policy, and practical working of the system of the Board.

The missionary work of the Board has been a series of ex-

periments and improvements as to its methods. It was not to be expected that the best methods would be discovered first; or that any one could be adopted as the best at one time, that would not be subject to an improving change at a later time. The school system of the Board has gone through these experiments and improvements, and is as yet far from being settled. There is still needed an induction from a more extensive accumulation of facts than the missions have so far furnished, and, even then, each mission must probably be determined in its school policy by peculiarities of its own.

In 1830, '31, '32, the number of pupils in the schools at the Sandwich Islands was, respectively, 39,000, 45,000, 53,000. The number of teachers, natives, was, in 1831, about 900, of whom not more than a dozen received compensation from the mission. Their qualifications were extremely moderate, and so the schools soon declined; in 1837, to a little more than 2000 pupils. Then schools for the education of teachers were established and the common schools revived, when, in 1847, the Hawaiian government assumed their entire management and expense.

The number of pupils in the free schools of the Mahratta, Ceylon, and Madura missions from the beginning to 1860 was about 70,000, under the instruction mostly of heathen teachers. Of the spiritual results within its own limits, the Mahratta mission reported in 1854: "We cannot point to a single case of conversion from among all this number. . . . The result seems to show, that these schools have failed of accomplishing, except to a very slight extent, what was hoped from their establishment, in the way of influencing the people, and gaining them over to the truth. From this result follows, as a general rule, the inexpediency of employing heathen teachers in common schools. The main ground upon which such schools are urged at present is, that they are a means of communicating with the people, of forming some kind of connection with them, of getting a congregation. It is probable, however, that, in most cases, the missionary can secure a hearing for his message without the aid of such schools." (pp. 306, 307.) The Ceylon mission reported about thirty conversions in its schools, and that a few of the heathen teachers became hopefully pious, but that the

pupils were too young to receive much spiritual benefit. The Madura schools were not more prosperous.

In 1855, the employment of heathen teachers by these missions had nearly ceased. Their services had been overestimated, and these schools had had a delusive appearance in value. A change was needed.

These three missions had also higher or boarding-schools, the pupils being mostly heathen children. The object was to secure the conversion of the pupils and gain efficient native helpers. They were designed to be training institutions for schoolmasters, catechists, preachers, and pastors. The English and the vernacular were taught in these schools, and, till 1843, the board and tuition were gratuitous. Afterward, those who could were required to make remuneration. But unexpectedly there came in "a class of students from wealthy families, whose sole object was to fit themselves for government service, or some lucrative post in agriculture or commerce." A passion for English became excessive among the natives. A change was needed.

An expensive "Mission Institution" was founded by the brethren at Bombay, in 1854, though not adopted by the Board, which those brethren afterward discontinued, for the reasons that English was made too prominent a study and too much the medium of instruction, that to make it successful it must be very expensive, and that the effects of it must be unfortunate on other missions. On more careful examination, they found that "the experiment had been tried elsewhere, under the most favorable auspices, and the results, if not actually disastrous, have at least proved unsatisfactory. The system seems to be a forced, artificial one, and produces artificial fruits."

The Syrian mission commenced a high school for training native helpers, in 1836, in which English was taught, but closed it in 1842. When English forces there engaged in the war with Mohammed Ali the officers drew off these pupils for dragomans, and so they were demoralized, and lost, mostly, to the missionary cause. Another seminary was opened at Abeih, in 1846, on the basis of excluding the English, and, as far as possible, preserving among the pupils oriental manners and customs. This school still continues.

"Nowhere have the higher schools been more signally blessed with hopeful conversions than among the Nestorians. That for males was commenced in 1836, and the one for females in 1838. Two thirds of those who have been educated in the male seminary give hopeful evidence of piety. The same may be said of an equal portion educated at the female seminary. A large portion of the educated young men are preachers of the gospel, or teachers in the schools; and the greater part of the pious graduates of the female seminary have become wives of these missionary helpers. Both of these institutions have been signally favored with revivals of religion. The instruction has been almost wholly in the native tongue." p. 320.

As a general result of the educational efforts among the American Indians, it is said that had they "been sufficiently isolated to have retained the use of their own language, and to have used none but the vernacular in the schools, it would have been better for their moral and religious interests. With few exceptions, those who acquired most knowledge of the English language were furthest from embracing the gospel." p. 321.

To remedy some of the evils now mentioned in the mission boarding-schools, changes were made "requiring more age for admission, a shorter residence, a Christian parentage, (if not actual piety,) and a more religious course of study." As to the use of the English language in the higher schools, the Mahratta missions agreed that "they should be strictly vernacular schools." The Madura mission thought that those preparing to be school-masters, catechists, and in some cases pastors, "should be restricted to purely Tamil studies; but that a part of the higher class should study English for mental discipline and to have access to English literature. But as a medium of instruction, the English should be excluded when proper text-books in Tamil can be obtained." The Ceylon mission declared it inexpedient to continue the study or use of English in the higher schools. The effects on the pupils, as well as the missionaries who taught, were variously unfortunate. After a survey of all the facts concerning education and mission-schools, a few of the more prominent only we have been able to indicate, the Board have for the present settled down on these principles of action:

"In the present advanced state of most of its missions, it finds a more profitable use for its funds than in the support of heathen school-masters. Nor does past experience encourage any great outlay for common schools, composed of very young heathen children, even with Christian masters."

"The Board has been obliged, in the progress of its work, to decline connection with expensive educational institutions for general education, to prepare young men for secular and worldly pursuits." "It has been found necessary to exclude the English language, in great measure, from the training schools for educating village teachers, preachers, and pastors." "What the schools most need is better teachers, and to derive more of their support from the parents of the pupils. The self-supporting principle among native Christians, in all its application, needs an unsleeping guardianship and culture." pp. 325, 326.

The Christian world, however, is in a fair way to know whether larger expenditures for education, a higher grade of schools, studies with immediate reference to secular life, and a prominent place in them for the English language, will better promote the object of foreign missions than the policy indicated by the American Board. For the Scotch Missionary Boards are giving preëminence to the educational system as a leading branch of missionary labor, while the English Boards have either adopted the American basis, on the points in question, or are rapidly approaching it.

The "Church Review," whose article on the Board we have indicated at the opening of this article, while laboring under what is probably a reporter's deficiency, degenerates into severity, and shows itself very naturally as extremely Episcopal. The Review thus speaks :

"A statement of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell, at the late meeting of our Board, at Philadelphia, astounds us. In the debate on the Greek missions, he said, 'that three days ago he met the venerable and noble Dr. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., and asked him what — after all his long experience — was his opinion of the conciliatory principle in regard to missions in Greece and among any decayed churches. He said he had no hesitation in declaring, that the only possible principle for such a work, was the conciliatory principle, in opposition to anything aggressive or looking to the establishment of a distinct church.' And yet a principle directly the reverse of this is the settled policy of



the A. B. C. F. M., and is steadily pursued in their operations among the Oriental churches." p. 419.

The "Review" further declares that the Board has a "destructive policy," and a "destructive principle," and shows its ecclesiastical tendency and design by publishing in Armenian the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with Proofs," "Church Member's Guide," "Rule of Faith," &c., and that native teachers have been "ordained," and "converts, notwithstanding their immaturity, were called on to lead in extemporaneous prayers, and in these devotions, prayers were offered for the conversion of the Patriarchs and Bishops." A few words can and should set the American Board right historically, whether Dr. Anderson said more or less than the above quotation, and whether the reporter of Bishop Bedell recorded more or less than what he said.

The actual policy and aim of the Board, in the Greek, Armenian, and Nestorian missions, as stated in the Memorial, have been to revive pure and undefiled religion in those ancient churches. Provided the reformation were brought about, the Board cared little for the ecclesiastical form it might take. But while it seemed undesirable to make unnecessary changes in the forms of those old communities, to which the people had been long accustomed, the Board did not esteem them so highly as to be willing to risk much for their preservation, while in the pursuit of the main object. So when the Greek church rejected its aid, and when the Armenian church cast out its converts and made them outlaws, the Board found no more use or place for the 'conciliatory principle.' It was not till these converts were excommunicated from the old church, for not conforming to its idolatrous practices, that the Evangelical Armenian churches were organized. The forms of ecclesiastical government in the old church could no longer be regarded, and the great commanding spiritual object of the mission was kept in view, in a comparative disregard of minor things. The Board really has had very little solicitude what form the Armenian church might receive when evangelically reformed. It must be admitted that the present actual policy of the missions of the Board is aggressive toward the Arme-

nian church. How could it be otherwise since the "Review" even confesses to "the deplorable ignorance of many of their clergy, the superstitious and doctrinal errors which have been the accretion of centuries," and that "the spirit of a cold, objective formalism hung over them, with its icy atmosphere, chilling their hearts and withering the germ of spiritual life." p. 420.

Is it so surprising that a warm-hearted young convert should pray "extemporaneously" for such a clergy and church?

Toward the Nestorians the policy has been different. They are a peculiar people, and so have received peculiar treatment. While it cannot be said that even among them the Board has acted on the "conciliatory principle," it cannot be said, after thirty years, that it is "looking to the establishment of a distinct church." It still is hopeful that it may see that ancient missionary church reformed, as such, with her Episcopal constitution substantially remaining to her. A thorough spiritual reform is what the Board is aiming at, in dependence on the ever blessed Spirit; and so far as the government of the church and its prescribed worship do not stand in the way, it is not aggressive. With the Nestorian clergy its course from the first has been conciliatory, and as far as now appears, may continue to be so. The Board would do no unnecessary violence to the prejudices and habits of those ancient churches, the Greek, the Armenian, and the Nestorian. It would show Jesus unto them, who is more than ecclesiastical government and forms, "as he who hath builded a house hath more honor than the house."

The instructions of the Prudential Committee, delivered by Dr. Anderson, to the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, when about to embark on his Turkish mission, in 1839, declare the entire and constant policy of the Board with reference to those Oriental churches. We close this topic, viewed in so unfortunate a light by the "Church Review," with a few passages from those instructions.

"These churches must be reformed. Lights must be made to burn once more upon those candlesticks that remain. The fire of a pure Christianity must be rekindled upon those Christian altars." "It is indeed certain that they will one day be renovated. The elements of reform are already among them." "Those churches have sunk too

low to rise speedily without assistance. They need an impulse from without. They need help from their Christian brethren." "Our object is not to subvert them; not to pull down and build up anew. It is to reform them; to revive among them, as has been said, the knowledge and spirit of the gospel. It is no part of our object to introduce Congregationalism, or Presbyterianism, among them. . . . We are content that their present ecclesiastical organization should remain, provided the knowledge and spirit of the gospel can be revived under it." *Miss. Herald*, 1839, pp. 39-44.

But the revived and quickened members in these churches were excommunicated, exiled, and outlawed, and so the Board had no alternative left, if it would provide at all for them spiritually, but to have them organized into new churches. So the Evangelical Armenian Churches are the fruit of necessity, and not of the policy or original choice of the Board.

In the examination of this Memorial volume and other documents pertaining to the Board, few things have interested us more than the studied and well arranged policy throughout, and a constant tendency and pressure to develop and employ the native forces on the missionary ground to establish Christianity.

In the outset the Board assumes no ecclesiastical connection with or control over its missionaries. They are left to manage in their church relations and ecclesiastical polity as they please. As to churches and ecclesiastical bodies springing up among the converts, they are earnestly advised not to connect themselves as members with them.

Here our system of missions divides radically from that of our Episcopal brethren. Their missions are an extension of their church, and they consider themselves obligated to organize church government and to exercise ecclesiastical control over all their missionary agents. But the Board regards its functions as exhausted when it has selected its agents and furnished them with pecuniary means and with counsels for bringing the heathen to Christ. It feels that it must leave them on the mission field to their independent judgment and choice in the matter of church order and government. The design is to slide responsibility along to the prospective Christian churches and communities that are to be formed on heathen ground. Adopting this idea, the missions theoretically and practically assume

that they are not colonies, or settlements, but movable, migratory bodies. So soon as they can plant Christian institutions in a place and feel that they will be safe under native management and support, they are to leave for another field. The personal work of the missionary is temporary. So soon as the new Christian material can wisely be organized into churches, this is to be done, and with the expectation that as soon as possible those churches become self-managed and self-supported. Looking to this end of his work, that he may depart for a new field to conquer, he is empowered and instructed to raise up native helpers, — the catechist, school-master, preacher, and pastor. As he is to leave only native churches and forces behind him, he does not become a member or pastor of one of them. It is in the theory that the foreign and native Christian are to separate so soon as it is safe for the latter. Then it is good for him to bear the yoke in his youth, by being from the first and organically separate from the other. The pastor should be of the same race, social condition, sympathy, and style of living with his church. Hence it has been necessary, in the education of a native ministry, to guard most carefully against elevating them above the people with whom they are to dwell, or making their manners and customs unlike those that are national to their future flocks.

This general theory and practice of the Board and of its mission being foreknown, it is exceedingly interesting to trace in this Memorial, and in the reports and official papers of the Board, a purpose and spirit permeating the whole, to raise up an able and independent Christian community around every mission, and then, as soon as safe, remove the mission as a foreign and temporary substance, as the mould is removed from the casting.

So we find the Board constantly working on the unsettled problem how and when a mission may safely withdraw — the spiritual, intellectual, and social difficulties being overcome. A conclusion is reached "that a less number of foreign missionaries is needful for the work in a heathen country than was once supposed," and that native pastors should be ordained as fast as suitable men can be found. The native church is to be urged to support its native pastor as far as it has ability,

and to manage its own internal affairs as best it can, looking for nothing more authoritative than Christian advice from the missionary. The Committee submit to the prayerful consideration of their brethren the expediency of ordaining a native pastor over each of the churches, as well at the stations as at the out-stations, being satisfied that the early and complete organization of native churches under native pastors is indispensable to the early, healthy, vigorous development of the religious life in native communities. In all this difficulties must be expected, but met, as the price of a free, responsible, self-sustaining church. They recommend this course, that the missionaries may be able to disperse, invading, conquering, organizing, and superintending, in "regions beyond." In the settlement and dismissal of pastors they encourage the usual ecclesiastical forms of the American churches. Having this policy of native pastors in view and force, the Board feel that they have now nearly or quite the requisite number of missionaries among the Armenians, and so see the beginning of the end of planting the gospel among them. In addressing the Hawaiian brethren, they take it for granted that they will furnish all the native churches with native pastors at an early day. While the Board, in addressing the missions, speak of education, they urge that all native laborers must be educated in their own land, that they may be as little changed as possible in national characteristics and the innocent tastes and habits of their own people. Otherwise the future pastor may feel above his people, or be diverse from them in manner, dress, style of living, and domestic and social habits, and so offend them, or be unable himself comfortably to adapt himself to the necessities of his calling and condition. The education should also be as far as possible at the expense of the natives themselves, because of the reflex advantages of such efforts on their part, and it should ever have in view the main end of missions — the evangelization of the people. The education and even the evangelization of the masses by foreign aid is not to be attempted or expected. A few self-sustaining centres are to be established, and then the work thrown on the native Christian communities. Perfect trust is felt in the interior and essential force of Christianity to work its own way under fair auspices.

In the religion of our Saviour it is preëminently true that samples are powers. How far the American Board has been able to carry out its policy, as to native forces, may be seen in the fact that it now has two hundred and fifty native preachers, one hundred and sixty-three native churches, and thirty native pastors.

---

#### ARTICLE IV.

##### ENGLISH COUNTRY AND COUNTRY-FOLK.

A GREAT city, in a commercial country, is, to a considerable extent, a law unto itself. Its image and superscription are in only a small degree received from the peculiar type of national institutions, political or ecclesiastical. In its main elements it exhibits far more of power to assimilate than of susceptibility to be assimilated. The possession of capital or of commercial enterprise is necessarily a chief condition of strength and influence. Its merchantmen are its ruling princes. Its working classes are always characterized by a high comparative intelligence, whether the State has provided schools for them or not. A great city is in itself a school, diffusing a vast amount of valuable knowledge by the inevitable contact of men congregated in large masses — not only stimulating and sharpening the intellect, but making the mental stores of each one the property of all.

The disposition of the common people to flock to great cities will always keep the supply of labor considerably above the demand. The sure result of this will be, the continual presence, to a certain extent, of idleness and destitution, with the usual consequences, vice and crime. The spirit of competition, which, in all places alike, is reckless of everything but gain, must necessarily aggravate these results. And then the feverish excitement of the passions, and the multiplication of temptations, the easy isolation of individuals where men congregate in masses, and the consequent removal of social re-

straint, make every great city a vortex of sensual indulgence, and a terrible whirlpool of destruction.

Hence all great cities in commercial countries are essentially similar. You will be far more impressed with the likeness of Liverpool to New York, than with any unlikeness. Even in London, old town-commonwealth of the middle ages though it is, and proudly retaining institutions and usages which were brought, so many centuries ago, from the meadows of Jutland, its every-day life exhibits the immutable law of great cities scarcely less than New York or Boston.

Not so much, therefore, in the towns and cities of England, will you expect to find the full development of the peculiar characteristics of English institutions, as in the country. The entire structure of society in the rural districts savors strongly, not only of the presence and influence of a hereditary nobility, but of the spirit of the old feudal laws. The very aspect of the country, by the exceeding richness of the soil and beauty of the landscape, will remind you that the broad acres are the envied possession of a multitude of petty kings. The haughty barons of the olden time were scarcely farther removed, in their position and sympathies, from the common people, than are the hereditary lords of modern days. Nor would it be easy to decide whether of the twain more nearly resembled the untamed savages of the forest in their contempt of all useful arts, their love of horses and dogs, and eager devotion to the pleasures of the chase. So wide is the contrast between these men and the poor peasantry who till their fields, in physical and mental characteristics, that the intervention of a very lengthened period and powerfully modifying influences must be admitted to reduce them to a common tap-root. Neither among the classes which fill up the broad space between these two extremes do you find all that personal independence and true manliness of bearing which a republican would expect to see if the influence of feudalism had passed wholly away.

In a plain talk about the country and country-folk in England we propose mainly the development of one idea, to wit: the high position and commanding influence of the English landholder. You will not be long in discovering the importance which every Englishman attaches to the proprietorship of the



soil. The idea is indissolubly associated with the largest respectability, and the very highest social position. To be the master of broad acres is the fondest day-dream of the wealthy merchant, the successful lawyer and physician, and even of the poet and man of genius. The proudest Manchester cotton-lord is not fully made until he becomes a *land-lord*. We remember an Englishman of finished scholarship and elegant accomplishments — having completed his education by a protracted residence in Italy — a man of high professional reputation, and an associate of nobility and gentry, who was so much enamored of the idea of possessing a thousand acres of the rich prairie lands and fine oak openings of Wisconsin, that he was strongly tempted to sell his handsome carriages and abandon his profession for a home in the far west of the United States.

This universal passion is the result, in part, of the fact that the proudest men in England — barons, earls, and dukes — are large land-owners. To a very great extent the soil is the property of the gentle-folk and nobles. The park enclosures around innumerable mansions and palaces cover an immense aggregate breadth of territory — that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, embracing three thousand acres, within a circumference of not less than ten miles. Moreover, the propriety of the occupants of these mansions and palaces extends, in most cases, far beyond their parks, including, not unfrequently, farm after farm of rare extent and beauty. Partly for embellishment, but a great deal more for his own profit, it is the resolute policy of the lordly English landholder to have very few small farms. Two hundred acres in the best agricultural counties is considered quite too small. Six, eight, and ten hundred are preferred, while now and then you may find a single farm half as large as the park of the Duke of Devonshire. This arrangement excludes, of course, all but men of ample means from the occupation of farming. To exclude all but rich men is the very purpose and design of the arrangement. The rich tenant is sure and punctual in the payment of his rent, and, besides, is very likely to make improvements which will be amply remunerative to himself before his long lease expires, and then will remain to add permanently both to the value and beauty of the farm. Thus the Englishman's passion for land is owing, in

part, also to the fact that it is the most valuable of all property, as well as the most beautiful to look at. It yields a large profit both to landlord and tenant. The poor peasant who performs all the labor comes less into the account than would seem to be demanded by a wise self-interest, according to the rule which requires you to feed your cattle well if you expect the largest amount of profit from their work. For the matter of continued dependence and strict subserviency, the thing may be adjusted very admirably as it is. You will by all means seem to be kind to your servant, but you do not want him to wax fat and kick. It was Alexander, not the Russian nobles, who moved for the emancipation of the serfs; and not earlier than the millennium, certainly, will every generation of masters, whether of white or black, be seen to volunteer for diminishing materially the distance which separates them from those who constitute the base of their mountain — the pedestal of their power and pride.

There is yet another strong reason why every Englishman should covet earnestly to be a landholder. It is the kind of possession which ministers most largely to the pride of a family name — a pride especially characteristic of Englishmen. It constitutes the only entailed estate. The ample farms of which we have spoken, or the farmers' residences, have oftentimes their particular designations, in imitation of park and castle of the nobility; as "Herringswell Hall," "Wellick," "Mock-beggar's Hall," and "Paradise." These places, moreover, have sometimes a history of their own which helps mightily in the same direction. "Wellick," now the homestead of a very wealthy farmer at Wendour, Bucks, was once the residence of the infamous Judge Jeffries.

The statutes of the realm are singularly in keeping with the universal sentiment we are endeavoring to illustrate. If you are a foreigner in England, you may become the possessor of unbounded riches in *personal* estate. You may have shares without number in railroads, and mines, and gas companies, and make the government your debtor to any amount, by the purchase of stocks. But you cannot be the owner of one square yard of England's soil without a special act of parliament passed by lords and commons for your particular behoof, with all the

cumbrous complications of English legislation, making you a British citizen, and a sworn and loyal subject of the Queen, at an expense of five hundred pounds sterling. The subject of the naturalization laws was brought under parliamentary discipline about twenty years ago, and a committee of inquiry appointed, of which Lord Brougham was a very active member. The whole matter was thoroughly investigated, and a voluminous report presented, which argued with much earnestness the hardships and injustice suffered by foreign residents under the existing statute, with the citation of cases running back through a long period, and strongly urged an extensive revision for their relief. The upshot was the passing of an act permitting a foreigner to take out "letters of denization," at an expense of thirty pounds sterling, which would confer the right to vote for members of parliament, with other trifling privileges. There the matter rests, so far as we are advised, and there, in all likelihood, it will rest, for at least another hundred years. Being a foreigner, you cannot be a landholder without the costlier parchments. Though the father of your wife should bequeath real estate to you for the benefit of his own daughter and her children, it would not be yours, but, without a special parliamentary interposition, setting aside the statute in your case, it must escheat to the Queen.

In a study of the great social edifice as it exists in the rural districts of the fatherland, our attention will naturally first be directed to the proud capital — the hereditary nobility. Their easy, almost familiar, bearing towards those below them, is no more than an indication of their conscious impregnable supremacy over the broad gulf which lies between. They would be as much amazed at the very slightest manifestation of a disposition to reciprocate the familiarity as Jupiter would to see mortals leaping up to share his throne. A single word or look or gesture would instantly dash all such insolent pretensions to pitiful confusion. The expression of mute wonder and astonishment with which a peasant gazes after a lord as he rolls past in his glittering equipage is natural enough, no doubt, although it may strike you as ludicrous. All earthly dignities, hereditary or acquired, have their claims for deference, and it would be neither good philosophy nor good

manners in us, plain republicans, to be over-critical in scanning the habits of those who have grown up under the shadow of aristocratic institutions. We must, nevertheless, protest our inability to appreciate the eager obsequiousness of middle-class Englishmen toward all above them — whether the superiority be in titles, or riches, or power, or any other thing on which poor human pride can fix a little corner-stone of caste. It can hardly be set down to the score of financial policy, for, if the aristocracy are great customers, they are, by all accounts, very small paymasters. How many times have we been told by tradesmen in different commodities, that there is no class from whom they find it more difficult to collect their bills. If an edict were issued to-day, to prohibit the wearing, to-morrow, in all England, of any coat or hat that had not been paid for, many a proud lord would be seen bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves. And if the same edict forbade the lighting of fires in all houses whose masters had not settled with the coal-merchant within the last two years, a great multitude of the same class could not have even a mutton-chop cooked for their dinner. A country tailor, in the centre of a region abounding in mansions of the aristocracy, most of whose backs were covered with coats from his shop, told us that he had outstanding accounts for clothes supplied to regular customers amounting to four thousand pounds at one time. The same man stated in our hearing that he had spent an entire morning in going to ask the occupant of a lordly house for an instalment of an account which had been running more than two years, and was refused. Yet the same nobleman should alight from his carriage before the door of that tailor the very next day, and his entrance should be the signal for the profoundest bows; and a new order for clothes to the amount of fifty pounds should be received with warmest professions of gratitude. If you expressed surprise after his lordship had departed, the tailor would assure you that this was his only hope of ever getting his account settled at all. A coal-merchant, in the same place, expressed great satisfaction on hearing that a newly-projected railroad was to pass over the land of a baronet in the neighborhood, as he hoped that a portion of the money received in compensation might go to the payment of a bill which for years he had been trying in vain to

collect, either wholly or in part. We remember an eccentric old Yorkshireman, for many years a tobacco-manufacturer in London, into whose warehouse a dainty nobleman entered one day and ordered a rather large parcel of high-priced cigars to be made up for him. The thing was done accordingly; but when my lord, with infinite condescension, was beginning to act the porter of his own parcel, he was quietly informed that he could not take it away until paid for. As he happened not to be in funds at the moment, the cigars were left behind. Similar things may occur every day for aught we know, but this was talked of, and the courage of the old Yorkshireman much applauded.

One meets occasionally, in the rural districts of England, with very refreshing exceptions to this obsequious temper. There is no man, after all, who has a larger share of genuine pluck than an Englishman, albeit it does not always show itself where we, with our republican notions and feelings, might like to see it. Hardwicke Heath is the name of a beautiful park near Bury St. Edmunds, in which is situated the antique mansion, occupied, till his recent death, by Sir Thomas Cullum, the wealthiest man in all the region round about, and whose pride was a counterpart to his riches. Now it happened, much to the annoyance of Sir Thomas, that there had been from time immemorial a public footpath through Hardwicke Heath, passing very near to his mansion. This footpath is not only a favorite summer evening's walk to all the people residing in the neighborhood, but a frequent and much frequented thoroughfare for the poor peasantry and every description of laboring people. A cat may look at a king if she can get a chance, but here the cat's poor master may stroll, at will, every day in the year, through the most beautiful section of a proud baronet's park, and gaze almost into his windows as he passes within a stone's throw. A few years ago, Sir Thomas resolved to hazard a game, the odds being between his aristocratic self on the one side, and the sturdy common people — backed by old English law — on the other. The handsome iron gates, which had so long swung easily on their hinges at the points of ingress and egress of the well-worn thoroughfare, were removed, and, instead thereof, barriers of decidedly prohibitory dimensions

and aspect were erected. The parties interested watched with a suppressed satisfaction till all was nicely finished, and then, assembling in a strong body, before breakfast, they demolished both barriers in much less time than it had taken to put them up. An Englishman does know when he is beaten, Napoleon to the contrary notwithstanding. The handsome iron gates were restored, and the common people resumed their ancient privileges, which they still maintain, and will leave to their heirs.

The most strenuous advocate of a hereditary peerage will hardly allege its moral influence as chief among its benefits. The facts are much too broadly in the other direction. Exceptions there will be of course. Such names as Shaftesbury and Carlisle make us feel how brilliant a lustre good character can reflect on the highest earthly station. No men in all England devote themselves with a more simple and unostentatious Christian zeal to whatever is fitted to elevate and redeem humanity — schools for poor children, mechanics' institutes, Christian associations for young men, ragged schools, shoe-black brigades, and special Sabbath services for the ignorant and degraded masses. Not a few of the most laborious and useful teachers in the Sunday-school, and visitors at the cottages of the peasantry, are the daughters of wealthy nobles. We have seen a young earl — heir to one of the proudest marquises in England — accompanying his beautiful countess in her visits of mercy among the humble cottagers of the village near their country-seat, till every poor child knew their voice and heard it with joy, as the harbinger of some substantial and seasonable kindness. And when in those humble ministries the young husband caught the small-pox, and his noble wife, who in her beautiful devotion insisted on acting as nurse at his sick-bed, fell under the same dreadful disease and died, sacrificing her own life in saving one that was dearer, the grief of the poor people was like the mourning of the children of Israel in the threshing-floor of Atad.

It is needless to say that such nobility as this is the very rare exception. The rule, unhappily, is of a widely different complexion. In the great majority of instances it is their life that should be for a lamentation, rather than their death. The

lordly pride which looks down with ineffable disdain on men of lower rank is their most venial fault. It were well for the good morals of England, and for the purity and peace of even its humble homes, if a coronet always raised him who wore it above every species of intercourse with the common people. The utter remorselessness with which haughty barons and dukes violate the sanctity of domestic life among the lower classes, and lay waste the purity and happiness which they should feel bound by all law human and divine to watch over and defend, is a startling and painful illustration of the incredible baseness and rank infamy which so often lie hid beneath the outward show of honor and chivalrous nobility. We must not, in these pages, describe in detail the things which are but thinly covered by the broad shadow of aristocratic assumption and pride — the strange intermingling of castes, and queerly tangled pedigrees, where no modification of complexion or features tells the tale, and helps a child to hunt up his own father. We do not care to describe these things. To remember them is enough, and makes one blush for those who occupy the high places of modern civilization. If our readers should forget, and imagine that we are describing the *soi disant* nobility of our own southern states, we should not wonder. The picture is marvellously like, we must confess, and may help to explain that mutual interchange of sympathies across the water of late, which to some has appeared strange and unaccountable.

“A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

The peers temporal of Great Britain are about four hundred, mostly hereditary — dukes, earls, marquises, viscounts, barons. These men are born statesmen and legislators. They are supposed to be highly educated as graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, studious, dignified and grave, in all respects well qualified to look after the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the greatest empire in the world. Yet how many of them are ever found taking any part in parliamentary debate? How many of them could by possibility make a decent speech if they tried? A little child might count them. How many of all the four hundred are found on a division in ordinary legislative business? Let any one of our readers take pencil and paper



and write down every British lord he can think of as having impressed his name on his memory by anything he has said or done during the last twenty-five years : — Brougham, Wellington, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Carlisle, Shaftesbury, Fitzwilliam, Eldon, Radnor, Ashburton, Newcastle, Elgin, Durham, Ellesmere, Devonshire, and a few more. But what are they among so many ? And where are the great majority, and what are their lordly exploits ? Here and there a son of Nimshi gains eclat as a “ whip,” in other words, by his skill with four-in-hand — a fair match for an English stage-driver. Or a Marquis of Waterford rises into fame by his sleight of hand in wrenching off knockers, or his noble daring in making a smash-up among the crockery spread out on the pavement on a market-day. These, however, are dignified in comparison with the ordinary avocations of the great mass, whose names the world never heard of, and never will ; — hunting, fishing, the race-course, the gambling-saloon, eating, drinking, smoking, swearing, idleness which would drive an intelligent mechanic mad, and all the untold “ mischief still ” which “ Satan finds for idle hands to do : ” — all this, with an unprincipled recklessness of expenditure which encumbers hopelessly their estates, and general habits of shameless profligacy, which no purlieu of St. Giles or mysteries of Paris can surpass.

As we descend in the social scale we shall find that every other class is formed as much as possible after the model of the nobility. This is especially true of those who take the denomination of “ gentry.” It is hardly necessary to say, that in this class, as among the nobility, are found many men of the highest distinction and influence, blessing all around them by a life in which intellectual strength and brilliant accomplishments are beautifully blended with the severest moral and Christian virtues. The gentry also includes all the Sir Barts. and Sir Kts., untitled and unendowed scions of noble families, without even the shadowy hope of “ heir presumptive,” an oddly assorted yet jealously guarded selection of honoraries, and a cumbrous multitude, whose claim to any social position whatever would seem to be found, certainly not in any intellectual or moral qualities fitted to awaken respect, but in the fact that they

live in utter idleness, on the barest competency which is not a competency — being immeasurably and inextricably in debt to everybody that will trust them — as consumers, very great, but as producers, the forlornest of ciphers. Their haughtiness is immense, as you would expect, far surpassing that of the nobility, being of the mock-cavalier, or strutting hidalgo description. This is owing to the fact that their social domain lies on the very border-land of gentility, and is not very clearly defined, demanding the eternal vigilance of pickets all along the line to prevent encroachments. The richest brewer in London, a man of vast wealth, was refused admission to a fashionable country ball, a hundred miles from the metropolis, because he was a "*tradesman*," while many of the "*gentry*" who were present were poor, as the London brewer bitterly reminded them, telling them — if we may quote his classic and elegant phrase — that "the hoops on his empty old beer barrels would buy up the whole kit of them."

Their respectability was largely of that peculiar type, so much abounding in the rural districts of England, which depends on some family relationship, more or less remote, to the lords of the soil. They shine with borrowed light. They are Jupiter's satellites. They establish one leading idea. You shall still find that a man's position and influence are determined, to a great extent, by the length of his rent-roll — in other words, by the number of broad acres of which he is master. His mansion, and park, and horses, and dogs, and equipage, and manner of life, all denote the noble of inferior degree. If he lacks the hereditary claim to a seat in the House of Lords, and is, in consequence, much distressed to fill up all his precious time, even with the help of hunting, and fishing, and the race-course, the expenditure of ten or twenty thousand pounds sterling in a popular election will bribe a constituency into making him its representative in the House of Commons. And now the measure of his glory is full, and his constituents, whatever may become of their *interests*, have the honor to be represented by a "*real gentleman*," a matter about which Englishmen are particularly sensitive, inasmuch that you shall sometimes find non-conformist electors recording their votes by hundreds for a flashing Sir Somebody, to the

utter discomfiture of plain Mr. Smith, the puritan, a man of the highest intelligence, and a champion in their own ranks. He is entitled to add those high-sounding initials M. P. to the end of his name. He is numbered among his country's grave legislators, and finds himself therein only a single grade below those whom Heaven made great at their very birth.

There is yet another rank of kings below the gentry, and that, in some sense, the most important of all. These are the farmers. Their wealth and position, their character and influence, enter largely into any complete survey of country life in England. In the best agricultural sections of the land they take very decided precedence of the merchantmen of the cities. The seller of purple and fine linen looks with envy on the farmer, as occupying a higher and more independent position among his countrymen. We have seen a handsome young fellow of this description, well educated, of good character, good property, and good social position, going with his fine phaeton and pair to make suit to a neighboring farmer's daughter, but my proud lady said him nay, preferring to wait for the plainer, but more substantial young farmer, who, she hoped, would come on a subsequent day. The father of the damsel was a gray-headed man of very plain appearance and dress, simple and unassuming in his manners, living in a quiet village in a section of the country from which many of the pilgrim fathers came, and which gave its name to one of the most charming townships of Massachusetts. She was very beautiful and highly accomplished, and would bring, in due time, to the young farmer of whom she dreamed, although she had never yet seen him, a dower of twenty thousand pounds, provided the paternal estate was shared equally by herself, her only sister, and their three brothers.

We mention this, not as a case to be found occasionally in the father-land, but as a fair sample of what may be met with every day in most parts of England. It may be taken as an illustration of the wealth and social position of the English farmer. This man was probably richer than most of his neighbors. Yet we suppose it would have been easy to find many richer than he. In another county, and not far from the house in which the great John Hampden once lived, there were farmers

at that time of whom common report said that they would leave to their daughters a hundred thousand pounds apiece.

It must be long before the farmers in the United States can hope to equal the English farmers in wealth ; but there appears no good reason why they should not even surpass them in all which constitutes the chief value of agricultural pursuits, as they do, unquestionably, excel them already in intelligence, and public spirit, and true enlargement of heart.

Of the picturesque beauty of English farms it is hardly possible to speak in terms too glowing. At a distance they present the appearance of innumerable parks. As you roam over a particular farm you are struck with the number, size, and variety of the trees. The elm, some specimens of which we nurse and guard with so much care on our Common, grows in its native soil to a surprising magnitude, and is covered with a foliage of exceeding luxuriance. The walnut, whose fruit we import, is also a tree of immense size. We remember one in a brickyard at Bury St. Edmunds, amid the foliage of which a large house might be entirely hid in leafy June. This particular tree is said to be one of the largest trees in Europe. The magnificent horse-chestnut is found everywhere, of wide-spread and towering dimensions. When you first see it in full foliage, laden to the uppermost twig with its rich conical clusters of blossom, you are filled with astonishment and admiration. There is also a species of poplar which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere, equalling the chestnut in size and beauty of form, with stately trunk, numerous slender and graceful branches, and such a superabundance of brilliant foliage that you might imagine it had borrowed of its neighbors for a special occasion. A single tree of this description is not unfrequently the principal feature in a landscape-picture, worthy of the pencil of old Crome himself. Of the English oak — *princeps inter nobiles* — we shall say nothing, because everybody is familiar with it, except that in size, beauty, and venerable appearance, it is all that you ever imagined it to be.

The trees on an English farm are of so much value for timber that a lease is never executed without the insertion of a very particular clause in relation to them. But they are cultivated almost as much for ornament and shade, and those most

valuable for timber are seldom cut down in such a way as to impair perceptibly the pictorial character of a farm.

Doubtless a country whose entire surface exhibits only one acre in eight of waste land, and where the mildness and moisture of the climate secure a perennial greenness of the richest shade, and the almost universal absence of stones compels the use of the beautiful hawthorne hedge for a fence, must be admitted to possess peculiar natural advantages for agricultural pursuits. It is equally true that the exceeding beauty of an English farm is owing quite as much to what is entirely within the reach of the farmers of New England, to wit, scientific and high cultivation. One of the finest wheat-fields we ever saw in England had been reclaimed only a short time before from an unsightly and worthless bog, at an expense of ten pounds per acre, by carting chalk from another part of the farm; and the farmer who had made this outlay, though only a tenant, assured us that he should get back the entire amount, with ample interest, before the termination of his lease.

The division of labor — whether in town or country, in the shop or on the farm — is carried to an extent which we do not easily conceive of. One man does one thing, and he never thinks of doing any other thing, almost as within the bounds of possibility, or, at least, of propriety. It would be an infringement of the honor of his craft to ask him. Even a chimney-sweep would think it an insult to his professional dignity to be asked to rake hay. And any other than a trained agricultural laborer would be regarded and treated as an intruder by the laborers themselves. His awkwardness in handling the rake or the hoe would speedily betray him, and so far from receiving any assistance in the way of instruction, he would be so unmercifully set upon and ridiculed by men, women, and boys, that he would be glad to make his escape, and would not be in a hurry to try his hand again at any work out of his own particular line of things. We have spoken of women among farm laborers; they are employed in the lighter agricultural processes in many parts of England. We have seen them wheeling stones in a barrow, but such a case is of very rare occurrence. Hoeing up weeds among the wheat is a common employment for them in some localities. Our readers are probably familiar

with the English method of sowing wheat. The ground is thrown up into round, broad ridges, straight, even, and smooth, as the flower-beds in a garden. On these the wheat is sowed in drills, as straight as a line, and between the drills, when the wheat is two or three inches high, all the weeds are carefully cut up with a long narrow hoe. It is no unpleasant spectacle to see ten or fifteen women and boys stretched out in a line, side by side, and moving over a magnificent wheat-field in this comparatively light work on a balmy spring day, when the larks are singing most deliciously over their heads, and the thrush and blackbird are pouring out their varied and rich notes all around.

The principle of which we have spoken — the division of labor — is applied to the different processes of agriculture. That man whom you see sauntering listlessly about, or sitting under a hedge knitting coarse gray stockings, not far from a large flock of sheep, is the shepherd, whose sole business it is to look after the sheep. On the broad open pasture lands of Salisbury Plain we have frequently noticed flocks which could not have contained less than a thousand animals, so large and plump as to remind one of the fine, juicy legs of mutton so common on every English dinner-table. We regret to say, that while shepherds on Salisbury Plain are as numerous as ever, a "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," is still not oftener found than in the days of Hannah More. The man who takes care of the horses, which take the place of oxen in English farming, is quite as much confined to that one thing; and the time and pains bestowed every day on their horses, in stabling, grooming, and feeding, would hardly be believed among ourselves, where horses of every description are shamefully neglected, greatly to the loss of their owners, beyond a question.

You will soon perceive that English farming exhibits precisely the results which might be expected from the combined influence of the division of labor and the absence of haste — one man doing one thing, and having ample time to do that one thing well. The whole appearance of an English farm is exceedingly beautiful; a thousand acres frequently without one square yard of barrenness. No rough borders, overgrown with weeds; no unsightly corners, abandoned to scraggy bushes,

and stones, and snakes. All is even, smooth, and productive, like the lawn and flower-beds of a gentleman's garden.

The dwelling-house of the English farmer is in good keeping with the picture we have drawn. Not unfrequently it stands embowered among thick shading trees at a short distance from the road, like a little palace, with sweet flower-garden, and verdant lawn, and hawthorne enclosure. It is handsomely and luxuriously furnished, with elegant editions of the choicest English literature on the centre-table of the drawing-room. The farmer's wife is a lady, of genuine refinement and intelligence, and has always a sufficient number of servants to save her from all danger, whether to her health or personal charms, from household cares and toils. At the same time, she is thoroughly domestic in her habits, understands perfectly whatever belongs to good management in a farm-house, keeping all things trim and thrifty about her, and shows, oftentimes, an interest in matters out of doors, and an acquaintance with them, which would fill most American ladies with unfeigned astonishment. The sons continue in their father's line of things, or go to college, and enter the various professions. The daughters are well educated and accomplished, full of health and broad common sense, and form, as we have seen, good matrimonial alliances.

The English farmers are luxurious liver where the prevailing style of living is much more simple than with us; and they exercise a noble hospitality. As their dwellings are amid the verdant scenery and singing-birds of the country, usually standing alone on their pleasant farms, it is a rich treat to get away from the noise and dust of a crowded English town to the delightful freshness and repose of an English farm-house. One such we especially remember, where the farmer was a portly, handsome man of sixty, his wife was an elegant woman, fresh and fair and plump at fifty, as English women are apt to be, and needed not the presence of her beautiful daughters to convince you that she must have been exceedingly attractive at an earlier period. The children — partly hers and partly those of a former wife — were more than a dozen. Most of them were married and away. A reunion of that household was a beautiful picture. The long table, so amply furnished, with sire and mistress presiding at either end, and the extended sides filled



with children and grandchildren, all overflowing with mirth and fond affection, made one think of the patriarchs of former days. As the farm comprised some hundred acres, it was a pleasant morning's employment to spring into a saddle and gallop over it with your host, observing its various operations, and listening to the directions given to the men.

You will have come to the conclusion that the farmers do not till the soil and make butter and cheese with their own hands. English farmers are rich men and gentlemen. They constitute a kind of gentry on a smaller scale; dwelling in little mansions — "Wellick," "Mock-beggar's Hall," or "Paradise," — on elegant estates; keeping fine horses and carriages, luxurious, if not splendid; and surrounded by dependants, who occupy their cottages and till their broad lands. In the better portions of the agricultural districts of England only men of ample substance can be farmers. The man who is only the tenant of a farm of five hundred acres in Norfolk, England, must be richer than the owner of the same number of acres, with a good family residence, in Norfolk, Massachusetts. We knew a farmer in Suffolk, which ranks as the second agricultural county in England — Norfolk being the first — who rented two hundred acres, having two thousand pounds of his own; and he was a poor man among English farmers, and had to borrow an additional two thousand at five per cent. in order to cultivate that number of acres properly, and get a return for his own money. This is a fair average in the eastern counties. For every acre that a man cultivates with advantage he must have twenty pounds sterling of private capital. When it is remembered that in the best counties two hundred acres is reckoned a small farm, while an extent of ten, twelve, and fifteen hundred acres is not at all uncommon, it is plain that the farmers of England must be men of wealth, although not one of a thousand is owner of the land which he occupies. The beautiful county of Devon is an exception to what we have been saying. The farms are small in comparison, the dwellings are inferior, and the farmers and their sons labor with their own hands. The same is true of other counties and sections of counties, to the estimated extent of about one half of all the farmers of England, but very much less, of course, than one half the aggregate breadth of the two hundred thousand farms.

It might reasonably be expected that such a class of men as we have described would be somewhat characterized by intelligence, and public spirit, and general influence in society. It is so here and there, but such cases are the exception. One instance, however, is worthy to be particularly noted. The English dissenters are remarkable, in town and country, for the numbers and efficiency of their lay preachers. In the rural districts farmers often occupy a prominent place among these. The patriarch, whose family reunion we have glanced at, was a lay preacher among the Baptists, and regularly addressed his little congregation of peasants on Sabbath evenings. It is no very uncommon case for such a man to devote his Sabbaths entirely to his very rustic and most interesting charge. In addition to preaching once or twice each Sabbath, he will have an efficient Sunday-school to which several hours are devoted, and in which reading and spelling are taught, as well as scriptural lessons, this being, in many instances, the only opportunity which the poor children have for such instruction.

As a class, however, the English farmers take no high rank for general intellectual culture, political intelligence, or true expansion of soul. The farmers of New England are decidedly superior to them in every one of these particulars. They read little, think little, and know little, except what pertains to the cultivation of their farms. Very guiltless are they of meddling with the literature which lies on the centre-tables of their drawing-rooms. The provincial newspaper, which is hardly more than the echo of their own prejudices and narrowness, furnishes their principal reading. For all theoretical knowledge they affect supreme contempt, and honestly believe that, being men of experience, they understand more of political economy than Ricardo, Adam Smith, and McCulloch put together. They are never sent to parliament, or chosen to any office more important than that of poor-law guardian, parish church-warden, or justice of the peace. They are distinguished for a keen appreciation of whatever pertains to the good condition of the body. No tables in all England except those of the nobility — if, indeed, they are to be excepted — groan beneath the burden of such rich and substantial viands. They attend one market at least every week — sometimes two or three — whether or

not they have anything to dispose of, talk with one another about the price of wheat and fat lambs, eat a sumptuous market-dinner at the "White Horse," or "Bull and Mouth," always washing it down with plenty of strong beer and old port; indulge in conversation too often characterized by coarseness and vulgarity; and then, seating themselves once more in their handsome gigs, polished like a mirror, and drawn by sleek horses, they drive home, with faces round and red, like the sun seen through a fog, being more than ever convinced that they are the main pillars of the commonwealth. We have seen them under such circumstances, handsome, proud-looking men, their eyes glistening with other fires than those of genius, reaching forth unto the things which were before with such a very peculiar singleness of aim, that child or lady happening to be in their way, would inevitably have been run down but for a sudden spring to the sidewalk. The rudest and most disagreeable people with whom we ever travelled during a residence of more than ten years in England were farmers returning from a fair, their hands covered with dainty kid gloves, and their brains reeling with the fumes of alcohol; and the most disgraceful riot which occurred in the country in the same period, was a riot of wealthy and well-dressed farmers, at a public meeting respecting the corn laws, in the episcopal city of Lincoln, the butt-ends of their heavy whips being the weapons with which they freely dealt their sturdy blows. Our curious readers may find an account of that remarkable gathering of the "nobility, gentry, farmers, merchants, and others," with wood-engraved illustrations, on pp. 71, 72 of the 16th volume of the "Illustrated London News."

The farmers are ruled in most things by the landlords; who are of the aristocracy. Especially do the landlords make their politics for them, and, as the politics of all aristocracies are mainly to let things be as they are, the farmers are chiefly Tories. Yet they are little kings, and believe themselves to be preëminently the glory of their country and its best hope, because the landlords assure them they are so as often as they pay punctually their ample rents, or when they meet them at an agricultural dinner, and toast them in a bumper of wine.

## ARTICLE V.

## THE VOTARY.

THY heart is love ; — but hast thou nought  
To offer to thy King ?  
No jewel, through the wide world sought  
Before his throne to fling ?

Hast thou no gold — no rich attire ?  
No power thine arm has won ?  
No title in the stars of heaven,  
Or the bright setting sun ?

Hast thou not formed one soft-hued flower ?  
One leaf upon the tree ?  
Or given the songster of the bower  
One note of minstrelsy ?

Then bring a wave of yonder sea,  
A breath of fickle wind,  
A ray of light — whatever be  
The offspring of thy mind.

What ! hast thou nought ? art thou so poor ?  
And wilt thou dare to cry  
For mercy, at the lofty throne  
Of His infinity ?

Poor am I, naked, weak ; yet this  
Shall my best offering be :  
I seek the gifts that have no price  
He doth extend to me.

And though I come in poverty,  
Yet hath my heart such love —  
Fain would I give the world below,  
The glorious heaven above !

Though all were mine, my heart would lay  
Its glory at His feet ;

And mid the lowest of his saints  
His look of pardon meet.

This is his choice, a humble heart,  
A love that cannot end ;  
Who hath it, owns the universe,  
And calls its King his friend.

---

## ARTICLE VI.

### OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

WE wish the churches would pass a decree that our Sabbath-school literature should be drawn and quartered. Let one quarter be thrown on the burning pile with those books of the "vagabond Jews, exorcists, which used curious arts," in Ephesus. For this class of instrumentalities, like "the seven sons of Sceva," call in vain "over them which have evil spirits, the name of the Lord Jesus." The defiant reply will continue to come back, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know ; but who are ye ?" A second quarter might be placed in some cheap week-day library, where the people are specially partial to union books, which, while they aim at no particular truth or good, yet manage either to communicate considerable general information, or to afford much exciting semi-tragic or dramatic entertainment. The third quarter might, perhaps, be profitably assigned to some of the modern institutions for feeble-minded youth. While the fourth could be returned uneclipsed to the schools to do, as in the past, their noble work of opening the way to heaven's great luminary, the Bible ; attractively unfolding Christian experience and life ; and strengthening the hearts and hands of all those who are laboring to feed Christ's sheep and lambs ; thus blessing our children, our churches, and the world, to all coming time.

And of whom might the churches require the execution of their decree so appropriately as of the publishing society which

they have called into being, sustained by their contributions, and made their depository? Will it be said that the society is unable to resist the call for exciting and amusing stories, and must compete with general publishers in supplying books that will sell? Then why do we longer need the society? But might not the churches enable the society to resist the tide and establish a correct and wholesome taste for reading by purchasing only such books as could be fully endorsed by the most efficient, careful, and rigid board of managers? Is the piety of the present day so weak in resistance as to afford no hope that the churches, coöperating with the society, would be able to lift up an efficient standard against the prevailing evil? We do not believe it. The great rebellion against constitutional truth must and shall be broken. What we need is, that attention be roused and fixed on the subject; and that both the dangers and the remedy be clearly pointed out. As with the officers of an army, who must give place to others if they fail of meeting the demands of their position, so in Sabbath-school literature, failure is fatal, and success is of more consequence infinitely than that our boards be filled with timid, harmless, popular men, even though they may have large societies and patronage to bring with them. Such men may answer well enough in times of peace and safety; but when danger comes, the salvation of the cause demands self-sacrificing courage and efficiency.

It is easy to see that the fault may belong to both the society and the churches. In most coöperative efforts, wrong, when it exists, is mutual. "Like people, like priest." Here is a large congregation with an unusually large proportion of young people. With great liberality the church determines to secure the purest, most religiously useful, and attractive Sabbath-school library that is possible. They do not believe in the dignity of dulness, and so their committee exclude most that is dry, heavy, and prolix, on the one hand, as well as most that is flashy and fictitious on the other. After large outlay of means, and great pains and care in selecting with reference to the wants of both scholars and teachers, it is found, in a little time, that the library is not generally used. The best books stand on the shelves from week to week unread. What now is to be done? Let us suppose that instead of setting themselves diligently to

the task of correcting the dangerous taste, and stimulating interest in those books which are of greatest value, thus nipping the evil in the bud, the church yield to the notion that their library must be changed for one that is written more in the spicy and extravagant style of modern light literature, that will be read, will carry its own weight, and also prove a decided attraction to the school. Say the committee, our children and youth will not eat plain and wholesome food, therefore we will furnish them highly seasoned and stimulating viands. If we do not remove the plain loaf altogether, we will place by the side of it the attractive confectionery, and let our children take their choice. Often the committee have not the time or the patience to make a careful examination of the merits of each and all the books to be purchased. So they pack up their carefully and conscientiously selected library and return with it to the depository, requesting that it be exchanged for books that will be read. They add, we must have as attractive a library as our neighboring churches, or we shall lose our scholars and our congregation.

Now comes the temptation to the society: shall they be firm and exert just the conservative influence which is needed, and for which they are appointed? Or will they fall back upon rum-sellers' plea; they will have these books, somebody will sell them, and we can best guard against abuses? It is an age of compliance and compromises. Puritan firmness and strictness is at a discount. Let us suppose that instead of answering, we cannot comply with your demand. This is just the object for which we have our organization and our hold on the churches for support, to secure that only unexceptionable and positively good books shall be read by our schools. The fault is with the parents and teachers of your congregation. You have a great work to do at home and in connection with just such books as these, and if you fail to do it you will drift out upon a stormy sea, as sure as effect follows cause or darkness the setting sun. Instead of saying this, we will suppose the officers of the society make a compromise. They propose to open the door (and when once open, even a little, it will prove like the rat-hole in the Holland dikes) to religious stories, or romances, with various caveats, apologies, and protestations of



truthfulness. Or what is just as bad, if not worse, they will weave the desired fiction around a basis of facts in such a way that the children cannot tell when they are reading fact and when fiction. Like the ancient oracles, it will be equivocal, and the children may call it romance and the parents call it truth, and so both be reconciled to it. Even the plainest matters of fact shall be shrouded in mystery, or bedizened with highly-wrought pictures. It shall open with a new grave in a strange, dark forest. It shall weave in plenty of mystery and moonlight, it shall borrow modestly the drapery of the theatre, and hint of love and marriage, as in the fashionable novel. And as for the other desired books which they clearly cannot publish, they will send out for them to all the irresponsible publishers, and thus return to the committee a large variety from which to select, adding the hope that the reading of a few of their best books may possibly be secured.

Look now at the wrong and injury done by and to both parties. The churches will soon come to say, there is not much difference between the books of the society and those of other publishers. At least there is no safety in trusting to their selection, for they send us as many kinds as the animals, "clean and unclean," that entered the ark. We might as well buy at one place as another, and if we are to have novels let us have the genuine. While the church committee, carrying home their miscellaneous and attractive library, find it sufficiently sought after indeed; but they also soon find that they have made every other religious instrumentality dull to the younger portion of their congregation. The Bible is a very tame book. The plain and honest preaching of the gospel is insipid and tedious. Family catechetical and biblical instruction is no longer tolerable. The children, one here and another there, are absorbed in devouring the last and most stirring religious tales that the weary superintendent in his weekly search could obtain. And, in no long time, the young people of the congregation who have now fully taken the reins and whip into their own hands, rise up and demand a style of preaching, of concerts, prayer-meetings, and all things, to correspond with their new and brilliant Sabbath-school literature. It will also be found, as in the use of intoxicating drinks, that the exciting element must be gradually

increased until the insatiable appetite is formed for the whole intoxicating flood of demoralizing romance.

When we consider who the readers of our Sabbath-school literature are, we cannot easily exaggerate the evils under which we are laboring. They are the dependence of all our missionary and benevolent organizations for the next generation, a generation on which are to fall the responsibilities of perhaps the most important and critical period of the world's existence. And it is because we appreciate the good and great work which Sabbath-schools are to accomplish, that we are so jealous of this incoming tide of evil. These readers are now in the impressible and formative period of character. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Says Archbishop Whately, "As hardly anything can accidentally touch the soft clay without stamping its mark on it, so, hardly any reading can interest a child without contributing in some degree, though the book itself be afterwards totally forgotten, to form the character; and the parents, therefore, who, merely requiring from him a certain course of *study*, pay little or no attention to story-books, are educating him they know not how." And in another place the same distinguished author adds: "It is very important to warn all readers of the influence likely to be exercised in the formation of their opinions, *indirectly*, and by works not professedly argumentative, such as poems and tales. Fletcher, of Saltoun, said he would let any one have the making of the laws of a country, if he might have the making of their ballads." As in the four seasons there is but one sowing time, so life's spring-time is to decide what shall be the summer growth, the autumn harvest, and the winter experience. Preaching to adults, fearful as is the responsibility, may be of less consequence than the moral instruction and guidance of the young. We were told of a sceptical leader of a choir who boasted that with the tune after sermon he could neutralize the best discourse. Beyond question a perverted taste for reading formed in youth is likely to prove a fatal mistake, rendering all after efforts of parents and ministers futile. Worthless and bad books are fully as pernicious as are worthless and bad companions for our children.

Shall, then, the publication of our Sabbath-school literature

be left to irresponsible and speculating book-traders? Shall the men or the societies of surpassing advertising abilities, that can fill their shelves with the most salable and highly-wrought tales and pictures, supply the books for our Sabbath-schools? Shall the writers of our Sabbath-school books be in any cases those who could write nothing else, or who think the great object is to dilute the gospel and artfully conceal two grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff? After all our boasted advance in general education, shall we treat our Sabbath-school children and youth as if they were mere babies that could understand or would be interested in little but prattle and twattle? Shall a prime object of the library be to excite attention and compete with promiscuous town libraries for readers, just as some noisy superintendents seem to think the great object of the Sabbath-school concert of prayer is to gather a crowd and have a grand time? Shall we allow our question-books to be prepared by goodish men with high pretensions founded on higher-life views, or men with large professions of charity based upon "union" and "liberal" tendencies? Shall our hymn and tune books be compiled by the person who can give the best dramatic effect to an entertainment?

We are not to suppose the managers of Sabbath-schools to be always fully competent to select only the good from a mass of doggerel and rubbish placed in their hands. Think of the tremendous spiritual effect when, of a sudden, the singing comes to a dead pause while a faint strain of voices is heard from some ante-room or from the horse-shed, sometimes called the "stove-pipe echo"; everybody begins to wonder who, where, and what it is. Is it really angels coming over the place as once over Bethlehem? But the more they think of it the better they become satisfied that the occasion does not call for it and it is not; and soon their expression of breathless amazement is turned into sardonic smiles of disgust at being trifled with. If any one has come to that school or meeting with the purpose of presenting serious truth, he now makes up his mind that he will not be heard unless he can sugar-coat and season after the highest French method; and so the sweetening and spicing goes on increasing in each exercise to the end of the service. At four or five successive Sabbath-school concerts we have

heard the hymn (if we must call it a hymn) sung with great enthusiasm, commencing, "We love to sing together." The tune is even more silly than the words, which is saying much. In each stanza, the words "we love," are repeated ten times, almost in succession. First the girls sing, then the boys and girls; then again the girls, and after them the boys and girls, then follows the full chorus. The grand, climacteric, concluding stanza closes, on a high key, with, "We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together; we love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together." Undoubtedly they do. And the hearers have had ample time and hints to think of various things which they love. No one can hear the performance without being reminded of the deacon who repeatedly undertook to "raise the tune," but each time could get on no farther than, "I love to steal." Here is another taken from the *very* popular "Sabbath-School Bell":

"Will you come to our Sunday-school?  
I really wish you would;  
O come and join our Bible-class,  
And learn how to be good.  
Will you, will you, will you, will you  
Join our Sunday-school?"

Let the reader think how such "Mother Goose" melodies compare with the simple and significant songs of Watts, which never yet failed to interest and impress children. Several years ago we were called to the bedside of a hardened old man who was about to die. We tried in vain to interest him in religious subjects until, at last, we asked him if he had received an early religious education. In a moment his countenance changed, and tears streamed from his eyes as he replied, "O yes, I had a pious mother who taught me to repeat the hymn,

"Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine  
Have wasted his estate!  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat."

We are confirmed in the belief that we are not overstating the evils of our Sabbath-school literature by the reports which are beginning to come to us from the most discerning and earnest Christian workers in the churches. Many are waking to

the question whether it would not be better to cast out Sabbath-school libraries altogether. For who wishes to give his money at the annual collection for the purchase of many of the very books which he is striving to keep out of his family? Some parents utterly forbid their children to bring home books from the library. There are cheap religious novels enough lying around and creeping in everywhere, like the frogs of Egypt. We have heard of one superintendent who always accompanies the giving out of books with an exhortation not to read them on the Sabbath; not thinking, perhaps, that their week-day reading might spoil their taste for proper Sabbath-day reading. A highly accomplished Christian mother told us with deep sorrow that she had no difficulty in interesting her children in Bible instructions in her room on the Sabbath until these miserable story-books were introduced into the schools. Our own attention was called to this subject by incidentally finding the strangest Sabbath-school books in the hands of our children. They have come again and again with their doubts about the propriety of their reading such books. For a long time we could not believe that other schools were as unfortunate as our own. A wider investigation filled us with amazement and grief. In the desire to interest and please some books had been purchased which covertly taught the peculiar tenets of other denominations. Others were written without the least effort to inculcate religious truth or produce spiritual impression, except, perhaps, a page or two of forced scripture quotation, or a dry, mechanical religious homily thrown in somewhere as a hard necessity, and which we were assured the children, in their eagerness to pursue the thrilling story, instinctively skip over with as much ease as the greyhound scales the dry log in his engrossing pursuit of the artful fox. In some of these books objectionable sentiments, unworthy aims of life, and vulgar conversation were freely introduced, and not very manifestly, if at all, censured or condemned. Some teachers find the minds of their pupils so weakened and their tastes so perverted by the reading which is allowed them, that the only way they can engage and fix the attention of their classes is to resort to similar stories, and throughout the week their minds are on the rack to find exciting anecdotes or extravagant pic-

tures and illustrations with which to entertain their scholars. The result is that whole schools, if you question them about the leading truths and saving doctrines of the gospel, are almost as indefinite and bewildered in their answers as are some of our literary theological students on examination for licensure and ordination.

We have found it to be a very significant fact that all the Sabbath-school publishing societies and houses, both in this country and in England, have entered, either openly and fully or in some modified form, upon this course of story-printing and semi-religious fiction. Even the New York Tract Society, so stanch in some things, has been tampered with, and a little seduced. None seem wholly able to resist the clamor of the age for the pleasing and fanciful. Perhaps we may find here the chief and germinal evil in Sabbath-school literature. Fiction once introduced, has, like gaming, a bewitching charm for the young, and is, like water, of such a facile nature that it is difficult to limit and restrain it. Hence the flood-gates will open to all that is deficient, superficial, and flippant, as well as positively erratic and injurious. It seems to be the danger of the times to lose confidence in simple gospel truth and the divinely appointed means of grace, and to go abroad to the devices of the world for instrumentalities that are broader and better adapted to meet the tastes and move the sensibilities of all classes. We have heard a pastor confess his opinion that the plain scripture truth on which the earlier preachers relied would not do for our day; the people would not be satisfied with it. And so we must resort to the attractions of literature to help out the tame gospel. We must bring the forces of history, the charms of poetry, and enter the boundless domain of the imaginative, if we would draw and save the people. Is it wonderful, therefore, that the "Lay Element," about which we hear so much in certain quarters of late, should have caught the same spirit, and, with the bold ignorance of the fabled Icarus, entered upon the work of sticking waxen wings upon our Sabbath-school literature? "Is it not because there is no God in Israel, that ye have sent to inquire of Baalzebub, the god of Ekron?"

Why is this resort to the style of romance and fiction, unless

it be to gratify a craving for pleasurable emotion? If a sound and wholesome taste were sought to be met and cultivated, interesting and important truth, written in a clear and lively manner, would amply suffice. And we would advocate no stupid, turgid, cold, formal style; no platitudes and commonplace statements; no dry, logical arguments, most assuredly. Nor is there need of it. There is a broad field of stirring fact, strictly truthful narrative, poetic sentiment, instructive reasoning, and persuasive argument and appeal, open to the writers of positively religious books for children. What a rich and exhaustless variety the Psalmist points out when he says, "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom." Only let the authors be the wisest, ablest, and most fervent that the church affords, and a deep and permanent interest will be secured which shall merit the entire confidence of ministers and parents, who have a right to be solicitous that their efforts to guard and save the children be not defeated. Dr. Alexander has well said, in the introduction to one of his little volumes, that it is a great mistake to suppose that all the Sabbath-school books should be adapted to the capacities of children. The adult members of a congregation should be invited to the school, and the exercises and library be such as to interest and profit old and young. But to gather there the various classes of professional and business men, the intelligent and thoughtful women, and then offer them story-books to read, such as "Aunt Judy's Tales," with "Cook Stories," "Rabbits' Tails," &c., and invite all to rise and join in singing "Willie and I, Willie and I," borders on the comic and satiric. That we have many excellent children's hymns and books which all older persons can join in singing and reading with profit and delight, we do not mean to deny. But this only sets the ridiculous ones which are often most selected from certain politic considerations, in greater contrast. If we must, let there be fewer books, and they better read; or let there be no books at all rather than that the silly, the extravagant, and the corrupting should weaken and pervert the taste for all that is good and substantial.

But in the preparation of books strictly for children, the



arguments for resorting to petty tales and the style of romance are weak and fallacious. It is astonishing that among Christian men the great argument should be, that the substantial and good books will not be much read and cannot so readily be sold. This, if it were true, would be no valid reason. No doubt if the two classes be placed together, both in seamen's and children's libraries, the former will bear the marks of use, while the latter will return mostly with the leaves clean and uncut. The same would often prove true, undoubtedly, if the first were far worse than they are, even positively and directly vicious. Wholesome food and drinks would, many times, return untouched, if the savory and stimulating were freely placed with them in the storehouse. Only remove altogether from the table your dainty preserves, your painted candies and sparkling wines, and appetite for the wholesome fruits of Nature will return, and with it strength, beaming health, and joyful activity. We have lately seen the experiment tried in one Sabbath-school with the happiest results. One of our ablest and best superintendents, after much examination and thought, became disgusted with the large majority of the common Sabbath-school books, and swept them from his shelves. With the assistance of his pastor and a committee of the church, who were fully in sympathy with him, and after the most patient care and toil in gleaning, a library was gathered consisting of the truest and best religious books which could be found, written and printed with ability and good taste. In their wide search, they were told, over and over again, that their books would not be read, and their library would prove a failure. When the task was accomplished, the attention both of parents and scholars was particularly called to the great value of profitable and safe reading in contrast with the superficial and enervating, and effort was made to interest all in the thorough perusal of the volumes which had been so carefully selected. Parents and teachers began to reflect that in securing the reading of these books real and great good would certainly be accomplished. Discouragement was thus thrown upon *all* miscellaneous and novel reading. In a few months the minister and teachers began to see a difference in the attention and interest of those whom they addressed, and a precious revival of religion was

experienced in the school. Doubtless other agencies were important ; but without this purification of the library they might all have been neutralized. Never were the Sabbath-school books more generally drawn and read both by youth and adults. One of the deacons has been heard to say that the library was never before so efficient, and that he was reading these books from week to week with the greatest profit. We have taken pains to inquire of the children, and without exception they have said, We never liked the books so well. And all this is perfectly natural and legitimate. For there is always an unpleasant reaction after finishing an exciting or unauthorized and questionable fiction, as there is always a loss of self-respect after the indulgence of passion or any groundless excitement. Indeed the first impression of many religious novels may be good, like the first warming and cheering effect of brandy. A parent may report to a publishing-house, My child went right to her room to pray after reading your last story-book ; but even this should not be received as decisive evidence of the value of the book. The same effect might be produced on a child thoroughly educated in the Gospel, by some touching passages in the writings of Dickens, who has never yet, so far as we have seen, recognized the Christian system. Hundreds and thousands have been drawn to the "anxious seat" by the heated harangues of an ardent but superficial preacher or "exhorter," only to become more hardened and sceptical in after-life ; and we have long observed that, as in the case of Julian the apostate, it is from this class that a large proportion of the leaders and champions of credulous infidels and bitter liberals are drawn. The cause is plain. There is not a religious basis of doctrinal truth in such harangues sufficient to make the sudden interest rational, salutary, and permanent. It requires much more than the rousing of the sympathies and better feelings of the soul to change the character of man. "Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth."

This craving for unnatural stimulants in Sabbath-school reading is the evidence of a diseased state of mind. Furnishing stimulants but increases the rising fever, and if persisted in will bring on delirium. It is a law of mind that whatever is sought and indulged for pleasurable excitement as an end, shall not

only aggravate the restless and insatiable craving, demanding a steady increase of the exciting element, but also react upon the mind to demoralize it permanently. The same inevitable rule applies to stimulating reading as to smoking, drinking, gaming, and the theatrical passion. The grosser indulgences are not reached at a bound. At first they are not relished. A beginning must be made with the mild wines, the sweetened brandy, in the most respectable company and place, and with the temporary refreshing and pleasing results. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

But we think we have been considering an extreme case, which we could afford to yield in the argument. It is surely a very small portion of the later issues of Sabbath-school story-books of which it could be said that they induced any child or youth to go alone and pray. Certainly many of them tend to dissipate the mind, and unfit and disincite it either to pray or to study the Bible, and even to read books of science and history. We have heard Christian parents sorrowfully say that their children were already beginning to ask for a class of novels which cannot be found even at Sabbath-school depositories. In a neighboring village a town library was recently called for and liberally supplied. The librarian soon found that almost the only books drawn are the flashy and inflammatory novels (generally written by sceptics who have little else to do but gain a livelihood,) which so rapidly succeed each other, like the foamy bubbles of the agitated sea. And we think the clamor for this town library, and the quality of the books demanded, can be traced back quite directly to the prevailing character of the Sabbath-school books of half a dozen rival societies in the place. And now, after the churches, with their "wide-awake superintendents" and their "lively Sabbath-schools," have greatly stimulated, if not created this morbid passion for the frivolous and unreal, we are gravely told by certain apologists that there is a natural taste in the young for the imaginative and the fictitious, which we must use and control for good. If such an argument were allowed to the rum-seller as valid, the cause of temperance reform might forever despair. Perhaps it is a new theological "taste scheme," specially diluted and adapted to children, and will surely have the great merit of being popular

both with the children and their confectioners. We suppose premature senility must be guarded against in the religious as in the natural life. A very good, cautious, but rather politic and narrow spirit, is in danger of meekly submitting to all kinds of moral compromises of good and bad, and of allowing prudence and charity to degenerate into a kind of chronic timidity or indolent hopefulness. The only preventive is a larger mixture of the old, rugged, Puritanic and apostolic element of Christian doctrine.

By a peculiarly successful device of Satan, the town library alluded to (and perhaps it is the common practice) is open chiefly on Saturday afternoon and evening, as the sermons of certain popular and rattle-headed ministers and the serial "love and murder" stories are printed in the Saturday papers, that as many as possible may be kept from, or be unfitted for, the house of God by this spawn of ruinous reading. No storm will prevent these victims of attractive literature, who were but lately, if they are not now, members of Sabbath-schools and readers of their small fictions, from drawing their full quota of Saturday books. And late into the night, and into early dawn of Sabbath, or perhaps through the sanctuary hours, they may be found excitedly poring over the wonderful tales. If they attend the public worship, or the Sabbath-school service, they are in a condition not much more hopeful of benefit by the sermons and prayers than is the drooping, vacant-minded inebriate after his night of dissipation. Many a minister wonders why he has so feeble a hold upon his younger hearers in the sermon; wonders why the little cloud of spiritual promise which now and then rises in the horizon so uniformly vanishes rainless away. If at any time an impression is manifestly made upon any soul, there is some unaccountable influence which never fails to scatter and dissolve it. But let him search diligently, and he will find in many a home and under many a pillow the stimulating novel, which proves as effectual in the dissipation of conviction and soul-trouble as was the "brown jug" to the oft-convicted farmer of whom Dr. Spenser tells us in his Sketches.

There is one other argument by which, as a last resort, religious novels for Sabbath-schools are sought to be justified; and

it is that which almost every bad cause in turn has attempted to make available. It is said the Bible employs fiction, as in its parables, types, and allegories; and that it contains stories without much religious truth or spiritual impression, as in its books of Ruth and Esther. It would seem hardly possible for any one to reason thus who had ever studied, or even carefully read these great inspired productions. Do these books bear any resemblance to the modern story-books? Are they simply *founded* on fact? Is any liberty taken in filling out the pictures, or even in supplying fictitious names? Or do they not more nearly resemble memoirs and narratives of unadorned facts, such as it is said our Sabbath-school children will not read? We do not know where to find books more direct and simple, and yet more full of the great truths and practical lessons of religion. We should like to light upon a few such volumes among our modern publications for Sabbath-schools. We have a few older ones that have taken unchallenged rank among our best Christian literature. So fast as such works as "Pilgrim's Progress," and some of Hannah More's, such as "Parley, the Porter," and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," shall appear, we will welcome them to our homes and schools. That a very few such may have lately been published we will not deny. But these, and such as these, are the very ones that are set aside as tame and uninteresting, and their places supplied with "Tabby's Travels," "Jenny and the Birds," "How I rose in the World," "The Old Red House," &c.

As to the parables and allegories of the Bible, they are the teachings of inspiration, and therefore absolutely true and safe in their teachings and impressions. But this affords no reason for confiding such precious interests to every writer who may attempt to mingle fiction and fact for our children. It is so much "easier to misrepresent than to tell the exact truth. There is but one truth in regard to a fact, but there may be innumerable falsehoods." We by no means object to the use of the imagination by an author in stating, illustrating, and impressing religious truth. But we want to be secure from the thousand exaggerations and false colorings which are so imminent to those who venture, unguided by the Divine Spirit, into the boundless and trackless realm of possibilities. We want the

very wisest, maturest, and best minds to guide us and our dear ones, if we are to be led across the bounds of the known and real. We want to be satisfied that the writers are not seeking chiefly to please, not making the excitement of pleasant feeling and of curiosity an end, so that they may find numerous readers and buyers. Says the late Professor Dr. Clement Long:

"The so-called religious novels have, for the most part, made religion but a poor apology for the excitement of a morbid sensibility. . . . An author of merit will go before his age. He will not be contented to reflect only the spirit of his time, conforming himself to its prejudices and feelings. He will have ideas and sentiments in advance of his contemporaries, belonging to himself, and instead of going back to them, he endeavors to bring them forward to his own position. And if his views should not be agreeable to their taste, he will not, for such a reason, suppress them, because he cares more for truth than for men. But the popular writer, whose sole object is to gratify his readers, communicates nothing of his own to them, but studies their views and feelings, and reproduces themselves, thus humoring their tastes and exciting their self-complacency. He thus exaggerates instead of reforming their defects.

"When I speak of the wrong and the inexpediency of reading works whose end it is to please, I do not allude only to such as stimulate vicious passions, or inculcate wrong principles. They may be perfectly free from all positive immorality, but if their end is the production of agreeable feeling, they are neither worthy nor proper to be read. And the principle I lay down is that excitement is not, in its nature, an end. The feeling of pity for a fellow-creature in distress, for example, is not produced for the sake of the excitement. We do not feel because we wish to feel, but because we forget ourselves and our feelings, and the object of pity seizes our minds with power. To throw the object into the background, and direct the interest to the feeling, is perfectly unnatural. And this is what those writers do whose ultimate purpose it is to arouse the feelings of their readers. This is what those readers do who read for excitement. Such writers and readers are immoral. And at the same time they neither confer nor receive intellectual benefit. These authors are intellectually wrong; and the principle of their authorship is of the lowest kind."

It is of just this manifest aim to meet the popular taste that we complain. It is against the gross exaggerations and multi-form untruthfulness, as well as lack of religious soul and spirit-

ual power in our modern Sabbath-school books, that we enter our earnest protest. Here is a volume which opens in this excited and extravagant manner :

"Little Antoinette, come hither! Antoinette, my babe, my blessing, my glory! come back to me from the grave's dark portals. Stand in this summer light, the sunshine resting on that dear, golden hair. Stand with that white hand uplifted, those holy eyes beaming with the serene love of Christ-like childhood, that graceful bend of body and poise of foot, as thou wert wont to spring to my knee.

"Antoinette, my blameless one, my love, my darling! Laying on my heart so, as in the olden time, thy lips to mine — those lips that never said an unkind word; oh, the fragrance of those little, crimson portals! Tell me, my child-angel, tell me, my sinless one, what thou hast seen in heaven."

Just now, we have been having the so-popular "Tim, the Scissors-grinder." Where was there ever, in reality, such a wonder of success as Tim, and when was the world so easy to reform and change? If such a body ever really existed, there would have been felt no need of his wearing any veil of concealment and fiction. For the truth would be strange enough even to satisfy the demands of the day, and he would be a living miracle to whom the whole world would be drawn out into the wilderness "for to see." He has more than the enchanting spell of Aladdin's lamp. With a sweet smile, and a word or two, he can bring anybody right to the feet of Christ, and very soon on to the mountains of Beulah. Harlan Page sinks into insignificance in the comparison. Moreover, there is a charm about the other characters of the book enough to give it a wide sale, they turn out so prosperously and desirably. We do not wonder that a shrewd and excellent unmarried lady came to the book-store, and with an air of earnestness inquired for the town in which Tim lived, remarking that she should like to live there, for all the young ladies in that town were certain to find good husbands.

There is a sure remedy for the evil tendencies of our Sabbath-school literature. Let pastors and parents examine the books of their library. We are convinced they do not generally know the character of the books which, by various devices, find their way there. The consequences to our churches are



so momentous that the time and pains required cannot be better employed. Let the churches and ministers also demand that there be at least one depository where only good and safe books, and books of real and permanent value, shall be kept or countenanced. And then let them patronize and sustain that depository, at whatever trouble and cost. Is it of little consequence to make sure of one place where unpoisoned, and positively nutritious food can be obtained for your families and societies? And above all, higher and more spiritual views must be taken of the Sabbath-school work. Christians must be made to feel the tremendous responsibility of preparing and selecting reading for children and youth. It must not be left to the superficial, the bold, and the self-interested, however ardent they may be. The Sabbath-school must be kept to its legitimate aim of aiding, not leading the church and ministry. Its use is a subordinate one, that of rendering the divinely appointed means of grace more effectual, not of superseding and destroying confidence in them.

The tastes of children and youth should be preserved pure and natural, so that the divine and beautiful simplicity of the Gospel may not lose its charms for them; so that the work of parents in guarding their reading and education may not be rendered more difficult, nor the addresses of pastors on the saving themes of religion be despoiled of their power. The concert should not be an exhibition, but a meeting for prayer, and for the interest and profit of parents and teachers, as well as of children. And if the children of Christian parents are converted while in the Sabbath-school, it should be remembered that they would probably be converted if there were no Sabbath-school.

We love the Sabbath-school, and yield to none in our desire to see it made the most useful and efficient instrumentality in the cause of our Redeemer, that is possible. It should not be forgotten that they are our real friends who snatch us from peril, and lift us up to higher and firmer positions of effort; not those who say pleasant things of us, while they leave us the more satisfied to grope on in the mire, or to float on the easy current over the cataract.

## ARTICLE VII.

## SHORT SERMONS.

“Forgetting those things which are behind.” — *Philippians 3: 13.*

Not literally. Memory has a proper work to do in recalling past incidents: meditation may also profitably linger around them, to draw from them lessons of various wisdom.

Yet the habit of excessive retrospection is bad. It enfeebles, confuses, discourages, hinders. The organs of vision were put in the front of our heads for a purpose. The Christian is not a waterman, looking backward while pulling forward; but a traveller, with eye and foot both turned in the same direction.

Forsaking or letting go the things which are behind, is the idea. What things?

(a) The extravagant hopes of early years. These are natural enough to the period which produces them. But they are largely unfounded in good sense; are fanciful, foolish, and wholly unsuited to maturer life. “When I became a man, I put away childish things.”

(b) Undertakings for which experience has proved our unfitness. It is useless to go on repeating old failures in any line of effort, caused by our incompetency. Probably there is something, which everybody may do well, that will benefit the community. If there were less pride and ambition in the world, it would not be so difficult to discover what that thing is, either for ourselves or our children.

(c) All habits which are hurtful to ourselves or others. They may be mental, spiritual, physical; private, domestic, public. The question is not — are they pleasant, gainful, or hard to give up? But, are they evil?

(d) Quarrels and difficulties with others. These should be reconciled and forgotten oftener than returning communion-seasons. They should never survive a sunset. (Eph. iv. 26.) Keeping up old grudges is as stupid as it is wicked. It makes a dyspeptic stomach, and a miserably lean and graceless soul.

(e) Sins which we have repented of. If this has been sincerely done, we have nothing more to do with them. Our Surety has taken charge of that account, and settled it. We may remember them for caution and humiliation; but not with anxiety nor discomfort. Faith in Christ forbids it as a sinful distrust of his promise of a full absolution to the genuine penitent.

Cut the traces of all these drags, and leave them as near the bottom of the hill as possible.

---

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." — *Philippians* 3: 14.

WHAT mark? Not a prize of earthly ambition in any of the countless forms of this world's alluring toys or treasures. Paul was in pursuit of such a mark when he was reading law at the feet of Gamaliel; and when he was pushing on to Damascus, at the head of an armed police, to harry the Christians. But he lived long enough to find that God's high calling is higher than these objects. It includes —

(a) A true culture of our individual natures. This demands personal religion. All self-culture which omits the training of our souls to holiness, is false. God's spirit is the only sufficient educator of a human spirit. Be our other attainments however complete, they are fatally deficient, if they have a less purpose than to "be holy, and without blame before Him in love."

(b) A higher measure of Christian activity. How much of this we should exercise is to be determined by our capacities, and opportunities of influence. Whatever the best attainable culture of gifts and graces can prepare us to accomplish for God and man, may be set down as the extent of our duty. Doing good to others is the ultimate object of getting good to ourselves. This glorifies God, whose spiritual activity we should emulate, so far as our finite being will allow.

(c) The state of heavenly blessedness. This crowns the final victor. It is the end of faith, and hope, and perseverance. The Christian's grandest prize is the inheritance undefiled, indestructible, that fadeth not away. It is the last mountain-top which lifts its sunlit summit far into the warm sky;

"Where we shall walk in soft white light  
With kings and priests abroad;  
And we shall summer high in bliss,  
Upon the hills of God."

Two further thoughts. To reach this mark requires a steady, earnest, unfainting struggle. "I press." There is a world of determination and striving in that word. It is all necessary. — Success in 'this pressing toward' lies entirely in the help, the presence, the gift of Jesus Christ. There is no high calling of God out of Christ. There is no gaining the prize of life and glory save in and through his redemption.

## ARTICLE VIII.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. With a Biographical Introduction. By William Adams, D. D. 8vo. pp. 386. New York. 1862.

WRITERS, whose thoughts have powerfully moulded our mental characters, hold us not only by an admiration of their abilities but by an affection for their persons, and even names. We were collegians when the earlier volumes of this strong and imaginative author began to arrest the attention of the reading public; and now, at the age of almost fourscore years, the eye of this veteran in letters is not dim, nor his natural force abated. The papers of his "Saturday Evening" were almost a text-book with us for a decade, and his "Natural History of Enthusiasm" has left nothing more to be supplied on that difficult theme. In the present volume, the ingenious, penetrating, appreciative analysis, which gave us the inner life of Methodism and of Jesuitism, has opened to view the Spirit of the Hebrew Poems, not so much as compositions of high creative genius from a human point of criticism, as being the medium of the communication of the Divine thought and emotion to men. The investigation thus assumes, to some extent, the apologetic form, and defends, against recent as well as earlier cavillers, the reality of an inspiration from God in these ancient odes and lyrics. These points are ably handled, and with every indication of thoroughly matured reflection. With this important inquiry, various other matters are fittingly interspersed; as, a landscape-painting of the old patriarchal home of the sacred muse, around which the writer throws a charm not inferior to that which veils in beauty the isles and shores of Hellas; also we have an historical account of the growth of the Hebrew literature; and other disquisitions upon separate topics of biblical criticism — the books of Job, Psalms, the Song of Songs, the earlier and later prophets; and some concluding observations concerning the continuance of Hebrew poetry and prophecy, to the end of time.

Artistically, we question the contrivance which converts a common 12mo. into a seeming 8vo. volume, by encircling the page with a black line that offends the eye as a mechanical impertinence, and needlessly increases the price. But this is not the author's fault. With

some tangential tendencies at here and there a curve of his track, we regard him as one of the foremost thinkers of his day. He never wearies with a wordy dullness. Earnest, independent, devoutly Christian in his own soul, he puts life and power into other spirits. His long-lived vitality is surprising. In one of his early books he says, "that the imagination is the chrysanthemum of the intellectual garden." How beautifully this fall-flower is still blooming in his well-kept *parterre*. May it blossom far into the winter!

*Text-Book of Church History.* By DR. JOHN HENRY KURTZ, Professor of Theology in the University of Dorpat, &c., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1862.

WHEN we began the study of ecclesiastical history some twenty-five years ago, Mosheim and Milner were our only accessible guides. What additional furnishing of this department has since been supplied to American scholars may be suggested by the names of Neander, Milman, Guericke, Gieseler, Hagenbach, Schaff, Kurtz, to say nothing of authors in this fruitful field who have not as yet been habited in an English dress. We read a century in Mosheim to get the skeleton, sinews, muscles of the age; and then the same century in Milner to get its soul of piety and true Christian life. Of nothing is the Apostle's word truer than of Church History, that the body without the spirit is dead; we think the *deadest* of all things "plucked up by the roots" and laid out to dry. We liked Milner best, for the unction which everywhere run down his skirts like Aaron's holy oil. And for this reason, among all the later masters in this department of sacred letters, Neander is our favorite. We cannot say (with one of our brother clergymen) that he is admirable for "light-reading;" but we have read his massive volumes from beginning to end, foot-notes and all, with a richer sense of substantial remuneration than ordinarily has been our experience among the doctors in the schools of the prophets. His *sense* of the presence of a devout heart in the individuals who require his attention, is wonderfully quick and accurate. His sympathy with Christ works like a magnet to draw towards him whatever really gracious affection is around him, though feeble and sadly buried beneath contemporary errors and follies. Neither is he free from these in forms of grave deflection from what we believe to be the "good old way;" but, while we should not accept him as a safe guide in sacred criticism at all points, and object to not a little of his reasonings upon special facts, preferring to draw our own philosophical conclusions sometimes, he is our *primus inter principes* as a narrator of

the grand and glorious fortunes of the kingdom of Christ thus far among men.

We would earnestly advise our ministers to take time sufficient to read and digest that princely work. It will give them sermons like an inspiration. But for purposes of seminary instruction it is too voluminous. Conciser and more elementary treatments of the subject are found in several of the authors whose names we have grouped above. The Andover and New York chairs of this department of instruction have each sent out excellent manuals translated and annotated from Guericke and Gieseler. And now we have another of these text-books, in the work named at the head of this notice, which worthily ranks with those just mentioned, as it quite closely resembles them, in certain points, yet with specific differences. It gives the main thread of events in a succinct narration, with copious references to standard authorities, to assist the student in separate and further research. This makes the subject look rather sterile and uninviting; but it is unavoidable in a class-book. The professor must fill in the color and shading, if he is fitted for this difficult service. We know of but few positions which demand an abler incumbent than these historical professorships. The chair of didactic theology is scarcely more important. Dr. Kurtz devotes a considerable share of attention to modern developments on the continent of Europe — Papal and Protestant — and is rich in criticism of his own national authors. His sympathies are undisguisedly with the evangelical party of his country, though a Lutheran in polity. His book is a valuable introduction to the general range of Church History; but merely to read such a *resumé* without further and far more extended explorations, is to grasp but a very small fraction of the treasure which lies hidden in that field. We love our good Neander's five-volumed prolixity and minuteness, just as we prefer a quiet journey afoot or in the saddle through a land of wonders and of beauty to the fast driving of a rail-car.

*A Text-Book of the History of Doctrines.* By DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. The Edinburgh translation of C. W. BUCH, revised, with large additions from the fourth German edition and other sources. By HENRY B. SMITH, D. D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary of the City of New York. 2 vols. 8vo. Sheldon & Co. 1862.

THE doctrines of the Christian church run through the historic events amidst which they were developed, as the sinews and tendons of the human frame lie embedded in the muscular tissues of the body;

they consequently need these full historical elucidations in order to a thorough comprehension. This is another of the excellences of Neander, who gives us the growth of doctrinal Christianity just as it came forward from the early ages, with all the varying aspects and workings of the sharply contested conflicts which opposed and perverted, or shaped and confirmed, the faith transmitted by the apostles. We not only have the sequence, in time, of the first age of the doctrine of the Divine Nature and Person; then, of Sin and Redemption; then, of Ecclesiasticism; then, of Scholasticism; then, of the Reformation of Doctrine and Polity, and so on: but we have the living genesis of all this re-creation in its order of the dawn and the meridian of each new day. Yet here, again, the whole is too much for elementary teaching. It is necessary to dissect out the complex organs and show the anatomy of the structure in separate parts. Dr. Hagenbach has stood at the head of authorities, in this department in our schools, since his able work was introduced to English readers in 1850, through the Edinburgh translation.

He divides the whole Christian age thus far into *five* periods, thus: (1). The age of Apologetics, A. D. 80-254. (2). Polemics, 254-730. (3). Systematic Theology, 730-1517. (4). Polemico-ecclesiastical Symbolik, 1517-1720. (5). Criticism, speculation—the antithesis between faith and knowledge, philosophy and Christianity, reason and revelation, 1720 and onward. Under these sections, the learned author collects and arranges a rich digest of processes and results in the field of dogmatic inquiry and controversy, with ample references to original and collateral authorities.

Like many other transatlantic works of the highest erudition, this History of Doctrines has largely gained by passing through the hands of an American editor. Our scholars show an admirable talent for this kind of labor—a common-sense idea of just what is needed in a given department of knowledge, and the ability to supply it when not adequately done by the learned men abroad. Prof. Smith has greatly enhanced the value of his author by these judicious and scholarly emendations and additions. The translation of Mr. Carl Buch has been revised, and several new sections on British and American theological history have been supplied, without which the work was seriously deficient. As it now stands, we see not why this important segment of historical science is not as nearly perfected as we can expect. Still, we never know what new suns may be coming up towards the horizon to pale the great lights which now rule the day. We also believe that all “knowledge is always progressive” which does not rest in an authoritative supernatural revelation.



*A Commentary on Ecclesiastes.* By MOSES STUART, etc. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins, Professor in Middlebury College. 12mo. pp. 346. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1862.

THE Book of Ecclesiastes is, substantially, a dialogue on practical philosophy. The reasonings and deductions are based on experience, and a general unity pervades the whole. It is not a book of miscellanies, as the superficial reader may think. It has a theme, with opening, progress, and conclusion, and this theme is asserted a score of times in the book. Different speakers argue for and against it, and were their positions, objections, arguments, and rejoinders freely set off, as in a modern work, with the names of persons speaking, and with quotation-marks and dashes, much of the mystery hanging over the volume would be cleared up. A liberal use of inverted commas alone would be a good commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes.

The theme of the book is the utter vanity of all merely worldly good. The digressions of the writer from his topic are only apparent; they are but illustrations, and so the work is no scrap-book. What seem to us as the untenable positions and objections of interlocutors, introduced to carry forward the discussions, Prof. Stuart regards as the different mental experience through which the author passed in going from a sceptical to a sound philosophy of life.

"The most natural account of the plan of the book seems to be this, viz.: that the writer has given a picture of the struggle and contest through which his own mind had passed, when he set out on the road of philosophical inquiry." We think fancy aids to such a view. But be the theory of the plan of the book as it may, the sceptical doubts and arguments are not to be quoted as among the "proofs of holy writ."

All antiquity ascribes the authorship to Solomon, and almost all modern critics dissent from this view. The dissent is based mainly on these three points: The writer represents Solomon as speaking only occasionally; the state and condition of things when the book was written, as shown by the book itself, mark a later age than Solomon's; and the style of the book itself is foreign to his style, as seen in Proverbs, and later than his age. Idioms in it indicate later times. Who the author was Prof. Stuart does not pretend to know, but thinks it evident that, whoever he was, he introduces Solomon in the book as saying and suggesting many things in it. The time of the composition he thinks must have been between the return from the captivity, 536 B. C., and the time of Ezra, about eighty years afterward.

These views of the Book of Ecclesiastes and its author, Prof. Stuart

has set forth to some extent in his able, though somewhat irregular, introduction of one hundred and ten pages. With them he has interwoven other views from which we distinctly dissent. The Commentary casts much light on this difficult portion of God's word.

*The Supernatural in relation to the Natural.* By the REV. JAMES McCOSH, LL. D., Author of "The Method of the Divine Government," &c. 12mo. pp. 369. New York: Carters. 1862.

THE flurry produced in the theological world by the issuing of the ill-starred "Essays and Reviews," has hurried this volume to its publication in a less thorough and completed form than a more leisurely treatment would probably have given it. It is, in fact, but the first instalment of the discussion projected under this title. The book is interesting, and in many places shows the hand of a master in philosophical analysis and reasoning. It lacks compactness and equal strength, and discovers much less mental toil in its elaboration than the brilliant and somewhat erratic work of Bushnell on the same general subject. We do not think it so able a treatise as the "Divine Government," which at once placed the Belfast theologian in the front rank of contemporary defenders of the faith. Possibly its defects may give it a more popular circulation. No writer deals with abstruse subjects in a more common-sense and comprehensible way. His mental habits keep his lines of argument and illustration within the ranges of the living and moving world. This gives freshness and practical grasp to his pages. We shall look with much expectation for the remainder of this investigation.

*Leisure Hours in Town.* By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 12mo. pp. 457. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

WE gave our views of this popular essayist's qualities, at length, in our last number. This volume of similar miscellanies includes one, at least, of the papers noticed in that review, as then going through the magazines. The Parson has a very prolific vein, and does not seem to be in special danger of exhausting it; yet we hope he will not feel it to be necessary to fill a new volume oftener than the shower of manna comes freshly and freely. Fecundity is dangerous even to the strongest mental constitutions. If he knows when to shut down the gate and let his grist fill up, he will show more wisdom than some of our ever-going mills which run an empty hopper oftener than a full.

We did not anticipate just such a portrait of our clever friend ; but, on a second inspection, it matches very well with his shrewd, common-sense, and genial way of looking at men and animals.

*TRACY'S History of the American Board of Foreign Missions.*

THIS work has been out of print for some years, until lately about fifty copies were found in sheets, which have been bound, and are now for sale by Crocker & Brewster. These are the last. It is not probable that the work will ever be reprinted *in full*. It will either be abridged and published with a continuation, or superseded by a new work which will give the history of the first thirty years much less completely. This is, therefore, the last opportunity to obtain so complete a history of the Board and its Missions during the first generation of its existence. This narrative is thoroughly prepared, and a standard authority upon the subject which it treats. It is not known that any other history of this institution is contemplated at present.

\*.\* WE have received from Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, "Recent Inquiries in Theology," and "Tracts for Priests and People." Also, from Appleton & Co., New York, "Aids to Faith"; to which volumes we wish to give a more extended notice (particularly the last two) than our space will at present permit. Several other important works on our table await future attention.

---

ARTICLE IX.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE WAR. — What now are its omens? The wisest can only conjecture. It looks, at times, very like a reorganization of society. It has some features that remind us of the descent of the Northern tribes upon the enfeebled and effete Roman empire, which infused a new blood and vigor into those Southern regions. Life sprung forth from that terrible dying of a worn-out nationality. Half a continent underwent a reconstruction of its social institutions. Old oppressions gave place to new liberties. Thousands and myriads of people, too corrupt to be of any use whatsoever, went down before the hosts of a fresher race, making room for them to try their hand at the founding

of a better order of things. God thus sets aside those cumberers of the ground who have demonstrated their moral worthlessness in this world, and gives to others a chance to do what has been left undone. War is the usual agent of these national re-creations.

Our civil conflict seems to be assuming these proportions, to be pointing to these issues. Once more the North is moving downward upon the softer civilization of the South, not, as we begin to forecast, merely to inflict some severe and well-merited chastisement upon it for its cruelties and its crimes, but to make a permanent occupation of its soil, forfeited by secession and treason; and to repopulate at least important sections of it, as the centres of a far better and rapidly diffusive state of society. A year gone by has done much to prove what many suspected, that southern life has become too essentially vitiated in its ruling sentiments and policies to be saved from self-destruction. If this be so, it had better die soon by some external compress, than eat itself up like a cancerous body. If too far diseased for successful medication, it had better go the way of all defunct flesh, that a living birth and growth may come after it, to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth in a more Christian fashion.

If this be the will of Providence, we shall be resigned to the dispensation. We regard our army not only as an immense fighting corps, but as an eventual colonization society. Young, and full of enterprise, ingenuity, intelligence, and industry as are our soldiers generally, they have just the training requisite for the resettling of that wretchedly abused, but magnificent territory. If they follow all great historic precedents, multitudes of them will find a home amidst those inviting regions. They are likely to see enough of the brutality of the slave-system, not to desire its re-installation in its former abodes. If the South had wished to disgust the entire rational creation with that caudal appendage of its domestic life, it could not have taken a more effective way to do it than its insane folly has invented. It has contrived to destroy the most of whatever sympathy used to be felt for its complaints at the North. That sympathy will never be revived in people who have even a very small modicum of common-sense. Our soldiers have a large measure of this serviceable commodity. We will trust them against the wiles of this faded, and shrunken, and foul Delilah.

We watch our struggle from month to month with more than the gratitude and triumph of a victorious and righteous crusade; with the profoundly solemn emotions of those who are witnessing one of God's sublimest restorations of national honor and integrity from amidst the overthrow of gigantic evils no longer endurable. The days of creation

have come again, with the evenings and the mornings of a new era of prospective prosperity, liberty, righteousness — so we hope, and almost dare to prophesy. If a North that is worthy this name, can stretch itself to the Gulf of Mexico, as a permanent proprietor, then we can see how slavery will soon cease to trouble the land. If it can anywhere nearly approximate this, then also the backbone of negro oppression is irreparably broken.

### ARABELLA JOHNSON.

APRIL, 1630.

LILY of England, pure and fair! we bless  
 The charm of thy pale beauty, 'mid that band  
 Of stern, devoted heroes, who their land  
 Forsook for Freedom's shore. Thy loveliness  
 Gilded the shadows of that fateful hour.  
 Dear Puritan! with thy soft, patient smile  
 Still shining through the dark, thou did'st beguile  
 To tenderness the souls, not wont to cower  
 Beneath a despot's frown. Meanwhile, for thee  
 A martyr's crown was waiting. Yes, I know  
 'Tis said, thy brave compeers trod *moodily*  
 The soil of liberty. It may be so.  
 How could they smile and deck their brows with light,  
 Watching bright stars, like thine, fade from their night?

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE. — Some of the best moral essays we have ever read were on the unconscious influences of a worthy life. There are other unconscious influences that men exert, not yet, to our knowledge, woven into any essay — waiting, probably, for the pen of a devout Lamb. Some hints for the same have accumulated on our Table. We make a donation of them to any one who will give us a copy of his essay.

He is exerting an unconscious influence who, on the examination of candidates before ecclesiastical councils, makes his own questions declaratory and argumentative for his own peculiar theology, and so succeeds better in showing his own opinions and abilities than in eliciting those of the candidate.

That man who, in conventions, is always seen on the platform and near the president, though himself neither vice-president nor secretary, and when committees are to be nominated by the chair, or several rise

at the same time to address the meeting, has something important to whisper to the chair, is exerting an unconscious influence.

The pastor, who is frequently obliged, *unexpectedly*, to be absent on the Sabbath when one or two of his brother ministers are at liberty and can be pressed into service for him, is unconscious of the influence he is exerting, specially when it is known that he receives handsome compensation for service elsewhere on those days of unexpected absence.

The man who says he is called of Providence to a wider field of ministerial labor, but confesses he made a mistake when he discovers that the change was not a good financial movement, is exerting an unconscious influence, not very creditable to him or to his office.

When a pastor frequently advertises his Sabbath services, and under quaint texts and on queer topics for a pulpit and the Lord's day, he is exerting an unconscious influence. And he will best see his own policy, and standing, and influence if he will once advertise himself thus: 'The Rev. N. N. of Christ's Church, will endeavor to preach the gospel as usual to-morrow, at the usual place and times. All those who prefer the gospel to anything secular or odd are invited to attend.'

When a minister advertises his regular services, the impression is that he has concluded to stay with his people another Sabbath, for we have noticed that those who practice much on this newspaper notoriety do not stop long with any one church.

**HEBRAISMS.** — The infancy of language is always marked by an extreme simplicity and naturalness of expression. Its forms of speech take direct hold of ideas as sensible objects, and make everything a picture. This is peculiarly true of the most ancient parts of the Bible. We give a few specimens taken at random, mostly from the book of Job; setting the common version and the original phrases side by side.

#### OUR VERSION.

"Let it not be joined to the days of the year."

"The dawning of the day."

"The sparks that fly upward."

"The power of the sword."

"Weakeneth the strength."

"Heels of my feet."

"Vain words."

"Strength of his skin."

"To be affrighted."

"Apple of the eye."

#### THE LITERAL FORM.

Let it not rejoice among the days of the year.

The eyelids of the morning.

The sons of the burning coal.

The hands of the sword.

Looseth the girdle of the strong.

Roots of my feet.

Words of wind.

Bars of his skin.

To lay hold on horror.

The little man of the eye.

These forms of language are not in harmony with our more ideal and philosophical modes of expression ; but had our translators retained them generally, they would have easily vindicated their propriety to the common reader, and have made of the Scriptures the most pictorial and living book, in its merely literary dress, ever written.

#### A HYMN.

I HEARD, and disobeyed !  
Thy judgment-hand, O God,  
Uplifted, smote me to the earth  
In the dark way I trod.

Low-lying in the dust,  
Broken by Thy reproof,  
I said, " His mercy I have lost ;  
Wrath holdeth Love aloof."

Humbly I wept and prayed —  
No more by sin enticed ;  
Then, lifting up my streaming eyes,  
Beheld the wounded Christ.

Lo ! in His bleeding hands  
Love's richest pledge I see ;  
And mercy's sweetest message falls  
From His dear lips for me.

O just and holy God !  
Thy wrath I read amiss :  
The love that follows Thy rebuke —  
Was ever love like this ?

POUNDING THE SCRIPTURES, AND EXPOUNDING THEM. — 'O, but unco gifted was Donald McGregor. We've not had the like o' him sin' the day. He was nae wi' us a twelve-month, yet he kicked twa pulpits to pieces, and danged the in'ards out o' three Bibles. He was unco gifted, and mighty in holy writ, one of the Lord's strong ones.' And the good Scotch woman spoke for many hearers when she said that of Donald. Pounding the Scriptures is a popular pulpit exercise, and many prefer it to expounding. For ourselves, we have observed



that it has a more immediate and impressive effect on not a few. It is much as a man is educated. Some have learned to locate power in the arms, and others in the head and heart.

THE DOCTORS DIFFER:—the literary ones we mean, just now. It has, for instance, grown into a rule with the critics, that two thirds of the success of a book or an article depends upon its first very few sentences. So we are inclined to think, especially as to contributions to periodicals. A neat and taking portico is a great recommendation to a house. But the successful essayist of the "Concernings" expends some of his mild wit upon 'the inexperienced writers who rack their brains for something to set out with'; being over 'anxious to make a good impression at first.' He considers this well, if not quite indispensable, in a sermon, but that a good piece of writing for the printer can easily get over the disadvantage of a bad start—witness (he says) "Adam Bede." Still it is better, one would judge, to avoid the bad start; though a mental as well as a material rail-car may not be able to run its first mile as quickly as its fortieth. In spite of the "parson's" theory, however, we observe that his commencements are generally careful and catching.

The writer of a "Letter to a Young Contributor," in the "Atlantic" for April, is decidedly out against those choice scraps which scholarly *littérateurs* find it so natural and agreeable to slip into their English particularly from the classic tongues. "Deal cautiously in Latin." Certainly we do not want the mongrel dialects of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" restored to our current authorship; and possibly "Horæ Subsecivæ" carries this antique fashion too far. But we must let the gentle medico of "Spare Hours" speak a word for himself, and for us too just here:

"With regard to quotations—and the much Latin and some Greek, the world of men, and especially of women, is dead against me. I am sorry for it. As he said, who was reminded in an argument that the facts were against him, 'So much the worse for them,' and I may add, for me. Latin and Greek are not dead—in one sense they are happily immortal; but the present age is doing its worst to kill them, and much of their own best good and pleasure."

The letter-writer aforesaid gives excellent advice to those whose pens run too easily into exclamation points, italics, and the like ways of intensifying the thought or making up for the want of it. We wish the whole tribe, also, of capital letters, dashes, and parentheses could be reduced in as heavy a ratio as that by which Gideon sent home his

soldiers. They are nuisances as now scattered over printed pages as if from a dredging-box. We like the ostracism also of foot-notes as far as possible, though "Biddy" might find it a little difficult to work into this "bread-pan" *all* "the outlying bits of dough till she has one round and comely mass." We have had some of this kneading-over to do, and the loaf has been invariably the gainer by it. Yet, as in the matter of quotations, too stringent a rule is the next bad thing to no rule at all. A foot-note that has in it some good corroborative, elucidating, *recherché* reference, relieves the monotony of the solid text. So, in a reasonable variety, we stand up for the inverted commas with our friend John Brown — not the one whose "soul is marching on." Mosaics are rich and beautiful if well executed. And out of the exhaustless wealth of our own and other literatures to select, here and there, a genuine piece of *pietra dura* and set it in a good place to be looked at and enjoyed, is a liberty and a luxury, to forego which is asking quite too much.

AMONG the many commendations which our Review receives, none please us more than those which educated and intelligent laymen give it. On them chiefly rests the responsibility of guiding our churches, deciding in our councils, and sustaining our benevolent institutions; and it is an omen of good that they find a theological and literary Review "thoroughly readable," as well as "adapted to meet the pressing wants of the times." They need not fear that we shall be drawn into the shallow tide of eclecticism. This is a charlatanry which we detest both in medicine and theology. We once saw a Presbyterian minister called to account for allowing a Universalist preacher to occupy his pulpit. He replied that he thought it well for his people to hear all sides. The Presbytery was by no means satisfied with this answer, but decided that it was neither right nor politic to admit even an Arminian to present his peculiar errors in their pulpits, on the principle that it is often "the little foxes that spoil the vines," and, moreover, that if we let in the little ones we must expect to find big ones there after a while.

QUOTING from memory is a little uncertain (*vide* our last number, p. 139); but if Shakespeare's preference could be consulted, we fancy he would as soon that his laurels should be worn by the "gentle Elia" as by any other.